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A Club of One

PASSAGES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF
A MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE
BEEN SOCIABLE

L Russell, A. P.

WITH MARGINAL SUMMARY

BY THE EDITOR



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1893

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Replacing
73116

ELEVENTH EDITION.

GIFT

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.



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EDITOR'S PREFACE

A PRETTY good-sized drawer, locked and padlocked, was found filled with the manuscripts from which these Passages were taken. I have presumed to give them the title they bear, the author of them having departed this life. It is very evident they were not designed for the public. They were written purely for occupation, there is not a doubt of it. The author, a reader and thinker, though an invalid, could not be idle. He read and he thought, and sometimes he recorded. He has said some things that have not been said before, and has said them in his own way. Except in the earlier pages, almost all that related to his aches and ailments has been omitted, — the editor knowing perfectly well that his many complaints would very soon weary if not disgust the reader, when

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the purpose constantly in view was to entertain and enlighten him. Another effect has been to keep down the bulk, as the fashion seems to be going out of rating books by the pound.





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A CLUB OF ONE



H, the burden of my life ! Why *A birthday lamentation.*
am I spared to see another
birthday ? Poor miserable me !
an aggregation of miseries.

I live to suffer, and suffer to
live. I have used drugs enough to poison
all the fishes in all the oceans. Doctors
many and doctors different have visited
me, times innumerable ; but to how little
purpose ! According to the Zendavesta,
the number of diseases wrought by the
witchcraft of the evil one was " nine, and *99,999 dis-*
ninety, and nine hundred, and nine thou-
sand, and nine times ten thousand." *eases.*
Ninety - nine thousand nine hundred and
ninety-nine seems to me to be a low esti-
mate. The devil, I believe, has been in-
dustriously inventing and introducing new
ones ever since the sacred book was writ-
ten. Considering his genius for mischief,
and his hatred of the human race, the arch-

*Doubled
since Zoroas-
ter.*

*The number
incomput-
able.*

*Pain in his
great toe.*

enemy must have doubled the number, at least, in the two or three thousand years since Zoroaster. Indeed, when I think of what I have myself endured, I conclude the number incomputable. Everything short of death and absolute insanity I have suffered, in body and in mind. In the thirty years since I began to suffer exclusively (never having seen a well day in all that time), every organ has again and again been attacked, and every function disturbed. I have been the victim, I do believe, of every torture known to mankind. But for the hopes of orthodoxy, I — But I am forgetting the powders the doctor left me for the pain in my great toe — one to be taken every two hours, till the pain leaves or decidedly abates. The powder was hardly down when another toe was attacked! Two powders now, I suppose, every two hours. My poor toes!

*In his left
ear now.*

Worse and worse, after a wretched night. It is my left ear now that is tortured. The acuteness of the pain may be guessed upon reflecting that the nerves of hearing (according to Dr. Holmes) clasp the roots of the brain as a creeping vine clings to the bole of an elm. If I am to live, I want

my two ears, that I may execrate the clock at every tick, as I lie awake the long nights. The ear — what a wonderful arrangement it is ! The eyes shut ; other organs are suspended ; but the ear is ever open and attentive, — ready to alarm at any disturbance. That striking and quaint passage in Rabelais occurs to me : “ Nature, I am *Passage from Rabelais.* persuaded, did not without a cause frame our ears open, putting thereto no gates at all, nor shutting them up with any manner of inclosures, as she hath done upon the tongue, the eyes, and other such out-jutting parts of the body. The cause, as I imagine, is, to the end that every day and every night, and that continually, we may be ready to hear, and by a perpetual hearing apt to learn.” The mighty, miserable Nimrod ! Thinking of my ear, I think of *Nimrod.* his miserable end, and I think of somebody suffering beside myself. Enraged (according to a tradition of the Arabs) at the destruction of his gods by the prophet Abraham, he sought to slay him, and waged war against him. But the prophet prayed to God, and said, “ Deliver me, O God, *Abraham's prayer.* from this man, who worships stones, and boasts himself to be the lord of all things ; ” and God said to him, “ How shall I pun-

ish him?" And the prophet answered, "To Thee armies are as nothing, and the strength and power of men likewise. Before the smallest of thy creatures will they perish." And God was pleased at the faith of the prophet, and He sent a gnat, which vexed Nimrod day and night, so that he built a room of glass in his palace, that he might dwell therein and shut out the insect. But the gnat entered also, and passed by his ear into his brain, upon which it fed, and increased in size day by day, so that the servants of Nimrod beat his head with a hammer continually, that he might have some ease from his pain ; but he died, after suffering these torments for four hundred years. Alas ! (to think of it) who hath not his gnat of memory, reflection, or retribution ?

God sent a gnat.

The gnat in Nimrod's brain for 400 years.

Snowing again.

Snowing again ! The great ugly flakes are covering everything. The air is raw and chilly. I hate snow. There is nothing interesting about it. It has the expression of a corpse. It is an obstruction and a nuisance. I shall not be able to take my accustomed ninety-two paces on the veranda to-day on account of it. I feel a chilliness gradually covering my skin like

Chilliness covering his skin like a shroud.

a shroud, freezing the millions of pores, thousands by thousands. The tediousness of the process, as well as the distress of it. My poor bones! The marrow of them now seems to be freezing, too. What am I to do? It is a question of woolens, perhaps. I tried white — it is too chilling; I tried red — it is too irritating. I believe I shall try pink — a delicate shade. I am resolved upon pink — the flush of a glowing sun-burn on a tender part. Pink it shall be. If satisfactory, I shall tell nobody. The precious secret! My poor brain is not to be worried discovering relief for other people. Let them suffer! Who cares for me? Brayed in a mortar may all the world be, for aught that I care. It vexes me to think that I have nobody to think for me. I believe that if my brain could rest for a while I should be better. But the necessity of thinking, thinking — always of myself. Poor me! Nobody pities me. The universal selfishness! Ah, my eyes are ready to burst out with suffering, as they say Swift's did. I can hardly see the lines I write on. My wife —

A question of woolens.

Nobody to think for him.

My barber, in cutting my hair this morning, trimmed it too close, and a terrible

His hair trimmed too close.

cold is the consequence. I feel a congestion traveling up my spine at a dangerous rate. Parts of me unknown to me till now are being pulled to pieces pitilessly. The eider-down cushion presses hard against my shoulder like the burden of Atlas. The mischief must be driven out. Water! hot water! The feet must be boiled. Ah! an hour's boiling, and a few chapters of Job. I feel better.

Boils his feet.

“Smoothed the pillow, the throbbing brain
Survives the pang, and sleeps again.”

*A twitching
in one of his
calves.*

Last night one of my calves was seized with an unaccountable twitching. It seemed a forerunner of something serious. An infinite piercing followed, like ten thousand needles. Piercing, piercing — like pins piercing a pippin, but with inexpressible pain. It fairly took my breath away for a time. The doctor was dispatched for. He came, but not in a very good humor. The brute has no feeling. I pay him my dollars and he should feel for my woes. He listened — not like a man — not even professionally — but like an insensible machine. My blood boiled like Ætna. I had no weapon to strike him with. I could see that he questioned the descrip-

*The brute of
a doctor.*

tion I gave him of my sufferings. This morning I was better, thank the Lord! The stinging, penetrating pains had left me; but no thanks to the monster's disgusting remedy. I did n't take his miserable bolus — big enough for an elephant.

Did n't take his bolus.

An idea! The old Duke of Queensberry paid his physicians on the plan adopted by the Chinese emperors, — so much per week for keeping him alive. Excellent! with the privilege of discharging them at any time for offensiveness or inhumanity. The creatures like money, and, employed on that principle, they would be more apt to be faithful, encouraging, and sympathizing. I have known so many of them, in my long career of distress, — of every grade and of every school, — from the Sangrado type, with his thunder and lightning, to the latest disciple of Hahne-mann, with his infinitesimals and attenuated moonshine, that, as a necessary evil, I feel myself as competent as any one to judge of them. Capital! I think I shall try the Chinese and Queensberry plan. My wife — But an instance in point before I forget it (which deserves to be set down), illustrating the profession — almost without

The Duke of Queensberry and Chinese plan.

Concludes to try it.

*The Paris
physician.*

*Another
great doctor
in Berlin.*

*Jonadab and
Tartuffe
combined.*

an exception. They are a lying, mercenary set. An intelligent friend of mine, broken seriously in health by the agitations and successes of the civil war-time, quitted his comfortable home and large business, and went abroad for treatment by an eminent Paris physician. He did not improve, after many visits and prescriptions; and the great doctor, perceiving that his patient's patience was failing, recommended him very kindly to another great doctor in Berlin. My poor invalid friend, before presenting the letter of introduction he bore with him, not a little shaken in his confidence after the long, unsuccessful treatment, had the curiosity and good sense to break the seal and read the message. It was in good French (laconic enough), and to this effect: "Paris, Sept. 8, 187—. My dear Doctor: This will introduce to you Mr. K——, of Cincinnati, United States of America. Plenty of money. Nothing the matter with him. Rejoicing to send you another fat patient, I remain yours, fraternally. J. X——." Rascal and hypocrite! Jonadab and Tartuffe combined. The letter was delivered, but only as a basis for some good, eloquent, native-American swearing. My friend, after lingering a few

weeks at Nice and Wiesbaden, returned home, and soon recovered from his dangerous illness, but without the aid of any more distinguished doctors.

At breakfast this morning I inadvertently swallowed a bit of the skin of a baked potato, about the size of a shirt button. It was hard and chippy, and hurt as it went. Its edge must have teeth, like a circular saw. I feel it sawing its way, through the thirty feet of passage, and the fear is that it may lodge in the cæcum. The idea is horrible, and hurts my poor brain as the potato skin does my imperiled stomach. It cannot be that a man in my disordered state, with such an infinity of awful experiences, could have been inattentive or careless in so important a matter as eating. But I must take to inspecting dangerous articles of food with a handglass, and arrange for a stronger light to eat by. Two or three ugly obstructing fruit trees must be cut down. Oh! Ah! Horrors! The remorseless potato skin is ripping its way. Why does n't the doctor come? Lingering, I suppose, stupidly, at the bedside of somebody that is dying, to the neglect of his patient who always pays him, and

*Swallows a
bit of potato
skin.*

*Its teeth like
a circular
saw.*

*Determines
to inspect
dangerous
articles of
food.*

*The doctor
heartless.*

*The only
hope.*

*A pang that
is awful.*

*The abomi-
nable Eng-
lish spar-
rows.*

whose existence is of such importance to himself. But, he comes — the laggard ! Heartless again ! He does not seem to be so much alarmed as myself at my situation. He counsels relaxing remedies, and quiet. A very slight change of position, I feel, might be fatal. The only hope is in the absolute expulsion of the dangerous substance — my poor stomach being too weak to be counted on as an auxiliary. The doctor is well-read in his profession, and says there is no case of the sort mentioned in the books ; but the gravity of my condition does not seem to be appreciated by him. Anxiety about it ought to whiten his hair. Than the fanged edge of a bit of potato skin, there could be nothing more appalling. The slightest movement, and I feel a pang that is awful. The doctor, I think, only feigns alarm ; but tries to sympathize, — which is something unusual. His other sick and dying patients must be cared for by his youthful copartner and nurses : all the resources of his wisdom and experience must be expended on me.

It was the design that I should sleep late this morning, but the abominable English sparrows waked me long before daylight.

Their multitudinous chatter was not only disturbing — it was malicious ; as there can be no doubt of their happiness over my miseries. They peeped impishly through every space in the blinds big enough to admit a sunbeam. There was something Mephistophelean in their mocking irony. Cursèd be the man — the enemy of the peace of all civilized Americans — who imported them. He should be incinerated, and his ashes blown by the four winds to the four quarters of the globe. The detestable little pests should be exterminated by all means. They have no friends but enthusiastic farmers and gardeners, who insist that they live mainly on worms and insects. And they stubbornly refuse to admit that they drive away other birds ! As to that, however, I do not care ; as, in my present humor, the destruction of all birds would be pleasant enough to me. Love for them, so flippantly expressed, is only, I believe, an affectation. I would offer a generous premium for the heads of every hundred sparrows ; or, what might be better and more effective, a very large sum to the leader and authority in ladies' hats in Paris to make them fashionable, as an adornment, for a single season. By

*A curse upon
the man who
imported
them.*

*Love for
them an af-
fection.*

Dirty little things.

whatever means, it is of the utmost importance that they should be gotten rid of. They are dirty little things. It is necessary for very well-dressed people to adopt every precaution to protect themselves against them. Only yesterday a precious decoction — mellowing in the sun — to be used as a lotion on certain parts of my poor body — was incautiously left uncovered, and a single sparrow defiled the whole pot. They are too dirty to eat, or they would long since have been consumed by the hungry.

A single sparrow spoiled the whole pot.

Discharges the doctor.

Another crisis. I have been obliged to discharge my doctor. The fellow was more and more offensive to me, and finally became unendurable. So I sent for him this morning to dismiss him. The Satanic grin on his face when he came in was something exasperating. His utter want of sympathy, and growing tendency to say disagreeable and impertinent things, prepared me to be rude to him; but I repressed myself in good taste, and begged him to sit down. It is a wonder the necessities of the creature had not made him humble, or at least considerate. How a man as poor as he is can be insolent to

those who feed him is past my comprehension. He had drawn and drawn upon me, till the balance I owed him was trifling. Ever since I asked him to spend a night with me—a night of unexampled torture—and sleep on the comfortable sofa, so long the bed of my poor departed dog—he has shown a very ugly disposition towards me, in spite of his effort to conceal it. His ridiculous pride, I suppose, was piqued by the proposition; but what business has a poor devil of a doctor with pride, I should like to know. Pride is a luxury appropriate to the opulent. And the smell of tobacco always in his clothing was as offensive to me as his cursed haughtiness. Some outdoor air had to be let in after his visits to dissipate the poison, which as often endangered my existence. The disgust of my olfactories at tobacco is serious enough, but the rude shock of the freezing air off the snow-covered earth is deadly. The relief that I feel in being rid of the miserable creature might be considered a feeble counterfeit of pleasure, if such a visitation were not impossible to an enduring sufferer like me.

*Showed an
ugly disposition.*

*His ridiculous
pride.*

*Relief in be-
ing rid of
him.*

The regular vexation. The quarterly

The quarterly bill of the apothecary.

Compact of villainy.

Pocketfuls of Habanas.

bill of the apothecary is just in. A man of less experience in such things would be driven to madness by them. The many items, and the swindling aggregate! It would not do to question the rascality, as being robbed is preferable to being gossiped about by the robber. I very well understand the compact of villainy existing between the druggists and the doctors. The profits on the detestable drugs are so enormous that the druggist can well afford to pay the doctor an enormous per cent. on his prescriptions. I have heard incredible stories of their petty partnership meannesses, which have been more than confirmed by my own unfortunate experience. An article not worth a dime is charged a dollar for. A Latin name for a nothing makes it something, and dignifies the swindle. No wonder the apothecary rides in his carriage, and impecunious doctors, like the one I have just discharged, carry pocketfuls of Habanas. The latter have only to supply themselves, at convenience, from the cases of the generous druggists who compound their prescriptions. The thing has been (or something like it) from Hippocrates, and will be, till the crack of doom. A check for it only

settles the bill for the quarter, — it does not check the villainy, but encourages it. It seems, indeed, unpleasantly like compounding it. But I am a poor reformer. I hate reformers.

This morning I had the plain glass removed from the south windows and the blue glass put in : the sash-frames containing it, I mean. Temporary only, of course, as the influence of the blue light is too stimulating to me to be risked long at a time. I have tried it thoroughly, and become convinced of its singular efficacy. Pleasonton, perhaps, claims too much for it, but blue glass, none the less, is a benefaction. Some of my most distressing ailments have been relieved by it. Care, of course, must be exercised in its use, as excess, I know, would be hurtful. I wonder its supreme value as a remedial agent has not been more generally acknowledged. As a stimulant, merely, it is wonderful. Upon me, as such, its effect is supernatural. I sit now (not too far from the window) with the supernal light pouring over me. It influences me so — is so stimulating — that I thought a moment ago I could detect something like an impulse of pleasant-

Blue glass.

Care to be exercised.

Its supreme value as a remedial agent.

ness in my being. An effect like that, — with nothing of the violent or spasmodic in it, — I am prepared to say, is next to miraculous. Blessèd be blue glass! It is impossible to estimate its value to civilization and mankind. Systems of education, systems of philosophy, of medicine, of religion even, may be upturned by it. We do not think of the remarkable influence that color exerts upon the character and conduct of men. Rösch and Esquirol affirm that dyers of scarlet become choleric by virtue of occupation alone. I am satisfied that the extraordinary growth that man would attain — intellectual and moral, as well as physical — by judicious and scientific use of blue glass would be marvelous. We can yet only begin to conjecture — much less to know — the universal benefits to result from the great discovery.

*Blessèd be
blue glass.*

*Influence of
color upon
character
and conduct.*

Indulgence, as usual, is followed by evil effects. I spent too many hours in the blue light, and am suffering from the consequences. Four or five hours is the utmost that I have been accustomed to risk in it, but yesterday I extended the time to six. The effect of the excess was alarming. A flush of exaltation came upon me

*Too much
blue glass.*

like a paroxysm. I hurried on my blue flannel, which, as a precaution, I always use to let myself gently down to normal wretchedness, that nature at last seems to have suited me better to endure than comparative comfort even — to say nothing of happiness. The blue flannel I find very safe, following the blue light; they seem indeed, in a manner, to be concurrent remedies. And as a further precaution, after several hours in the blue rays, I sleep for a night or two between blue blankets. They are an invention of my own, and a perfect specific. Though last night my faith in them was a little shaken, as they did not quite prevent the always to be apprehended aches that are almost sure to follow a course of blue glass — aches that my mother used to call, to her complaining children, “growing pains” — sure evidences of the prodigious value of the discovery as an elixir and vivifier. Accompanying the “pains” were visions and schemes, numerous and varied — such as disturb the heads of youth, and make them anxious to try themselves in the “muddle” of life. It seems a thousand years since I first learned that the former meant growth and the latter hope — anticipating man-

*Efficacy of
blue flannel.**Blue blankets.**Visions and
schemes.*

hood. I dreamed of the time agone, with a feeling suggestive of something faintly like pleasure :—

“ I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft,
 In life's morning march when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
 sung ” :—

*A miserable
man.*

but questioned my identity at the same time. That a hopeful boy should have become so miserable a man seemed impossible — against nature. Over and over I turned in my bed, a hundred times — resisting, as I best could, the aches and pains, and schemes and visions. The result of it all is, a miserable condition, and I have sent for a doctor, — the best that I could think of in acute and dangerous cases. I hope, at least, that he is not a donkey and an ignoramus, to torment me as his predecessor did.

*Sends for
another
doctor.*

*Some obser-
vations upon
the new doc-
tor.*

I think I can tolerate my new doctor. He seems intelligent, with the instincts of a gentleman. The longer we talked the more I perceived his penetration. As Emerson said of Goethe, he seemed to see out of every pore of his skin. His language shows him to be a scholar, and I hope he

has some general knowledge of literature. In that case I need not repress a tendency to literary reference, as he will understand me when I talk. It seems a shame that the hundred worthies on my shelves should be silent — being never referred to, or encouraged to speak. As we conversed, I noticed that his eye ran over them with an expression of intelligence and enthusiasm. I die for fitting companionship. The sordidness of men! How they are wrapped up in themselves and their little interests! A wise doctor should be wise in everything. He should know men — all sorts of men. In questions of race he should see behind and before — progenitors and inheritors alike. Philosophies and religions should be familiar to him. Books and their makers should be the objects of his affectionate regard. He should, like Lamb, kiss a volume of Burns with tenderness, and bow with reverence before Shakespeare or Bacon. This man, to some extent, seems to be the possessor of such a sentiment. His intelligence has the reflection of breadth and the look of wisdom. His apparent liberality of judgment seems to be the result of facile intercourse with various minds. The commerce of intellect,

*Requisites to
wisdom in
the profes-
sion.*

it is truly said, loves distant shores. The small retail dealer trades only with his neighbors ; when the great merchants trade, they link the four quarters of the globe. In Brooklyn, one night, I met four such. They seemed to have been everywhere and to have seen everything. They talked, not of processes, but of results. Every sentence was freighted with wisdom, and was compact enough for a proverb. Their eyes as well as their minds seemed to have a measuring and weighing habit. This man, of course, is not a man of that type. If he were, he would not be a drudging doctor. His considerate and attentive manner pleases me. It cannot be wholly the result of training. Selfish, no doubt, he is ; everybody is that. If he is prompt, submissive, and faithful, I shall try to put up with the objectionable in him as it develops. His head, I believe, is more than an average one ; but his heart — of what quality and composition is that ? Is there feeling in it ? — red blood ? — the blood of a man ? If when I groan or cry out in a paroxysm of pain the laughing machinery should play about the corners of his mouth, I should feel like killing him. I will not be giped at by a monkey of a doctor. The

*Four great
merchants.*

*Manner of
the new phy-
sician.*

*Head and
heart.*

way he dusts his feet and lifts his hat and removes his gloves is in his favor. He is not constantly stroking his beard and clearing his throat in a Sir Oracle way. The per-
*The per-
fumery he
uses.*
 fumery he uses ; I cannot quite make out what it is. It is not agreeable, and not quite disgusting. I shall have to ask him the ingredients of the stuff. You cannot guess from the smell. A dung-hill at a distance, said Coleridge, sometimes smells like musk, and a dead dog like elder-flowers. He is a believer in blue glass, I am pleased
*A believer
in blue glass.*
 to know, and carries his faith to the point of devotion. Blue glass he unqualifiedly pronounces a good thing ; but believes with me that, as with every other good thing, one may have too much of it. My blue
*Blue wool-
ens.*
 woolens, as a gradient, so to speak, or antidote for excess, he is in raptures over — especially the blue blankets. He promised me to think profoundly of the general subject of blue woolens, as an auxiliary in the blue glass treatment, and make such suggestions as to shades of the same as might occur to his scientific judgment.

It rains, and it rains ! The beautiful
It rains.
 rain ! The clouds go rolling round, like big black sponges, squeezing themselves

out on the chimney pots. The gutters run ink. There are people to say it is dreadful. But I like it; it is in harmony with my feelings. I hate what they call cheerfulness. Irving's description of a rainy day is one of his best productions. It makes dreariness attractive. Happiness, after all, is, I believe, but a bit of acting. Life is not a comedy—it is a tragedy. No life is satisfactory. "Youth," says Beaconsfield, "is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." The most fortunate are disappointed. Stephen, in the story, understood it: "'T is a' a muddle." The Japanese have a proverb that epitomizes the unsatisfactoriness of life: "If you hate a man, let him live." Their little children, in school, are taught to repeat a verse which in English would run in this wise:—

Life a disappointment.

"Color and perfume vanish away.

What can be lasting in this world?

To-day disappears in the abyss of nothingness;

It is but the passing image of a dream, and causes
only a slight trouble."

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity. It is on a day like this that I particularly like Dante's *Inferno* (the other parts of the *Comedy* I do not like). Cary's translation, with Doré's illustrations, is delight-

*Studies
Dante.*

ful ; though I do not like the text so well as John Carlyle's literal rendering. In the latter you get at the sense, as in Hayward's translation of Faust. Scholars, I think, should translate poetry, not poets. The Iliad of Pope is confirmation. Pope's genius is conspicuous : not quite so much so as Homer's : Homer you never quite lose sight of. Carlyle's Inferno is Dante's ; you never think of the Scotchman. And it is a very Murray's as a guide-book. I make free use of it. There are two of you with Virgil. You go at leisure through the pleasant scenes. You read the inscription over the gate as you enter : "Through me is the way into the doleful city ; through me the way into the eternal pain ; through me the way among the people lost. Justice moved my High Maker ; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love. Before me were no things created, but eternal I endure. Leave all hope, ye that enter." You cross the river Acheron. On its shore all that die under the wrath of God assemble from every country to be ferried over by Charon. He makes them enter his boat by glaring on them with his burning eyes. You go into Limbo. The only pain the spirits there suffer is, that

Bits of criticism.

Inscription over the gate.

Limbo.

*The infer-
nal judge.*

they live in the desire and without the hope of seeing God. You come into the presence of the Infernal Judge. "There Minos sits horrific, and grins ; examines the crimes upon the entrance ; judges, and sends according as he girds himself. When the ill-born spirit comes before him, it confesses all ; and that sin-discerner sees what place in hell is fit for it, and with his tail makes as many circles round himself as the degrees he will have it to descend. Always before him stands a crowd of them. They go each in its turn to judgment ; they tell, and hear ; and then are whirled down."

*Criticises
Doré's pic-
ture.*

Sublime dignity ! Doré's picture, it strikes me, is not a good one. He makes the tail of the Judge a serpent, and does not conceal the head. An oversight, I should think, of the artist. You go thence into the place appointed for epicures and gluttons, who set their hearts upon the lowest species of sensual gratification. An unvarying, eternal storm of heavy hail, foul water, and snow, pour down upon them. They are lying prostrate on the ground ; and the three-headed monster Cerberus keeps barking over them, and rending them. Doré's conception, in one of the heads, is perfect. Hell itself (of the sen-

Cerberus.

sual) is in the face. It is besotted, as well as merciless. Thence to the region of the prodigal and the avaricious. Plutus is at the entrance, with "clucking voice." Vir-

Plutus.

gil speaks to him: "Peace, cursèd wolf! Consume thyself internally with thy greedy rage." "As sails, swelled by the wind, fall entangled when the mast gives way; so fell that cruel monster to the ground."

Disgusting creature, as he sits crouching out of view. The artist's genius is conspicuous in the figure. The greediness of

the eyes is avarice itself. In the next picture he vividly depicts the prodigal and the avaricious: they are forever rolling great weights, and forever smiting each other.

The prodigal and the avaricious.

"To all eternity they shall continue butting one another." Every muscle seems to be breaking. Thence across the broad marsh,

in the fifth circle, where ostentation, arrogance, and brutal anger are punished, to the "joyless city" of Dis. We cross a

plain, all covered with burning sepulchres. Tongues of fiercer flame speak out of them.

The joyless city of Dis.

And so on we go, and on, we three, by the river of blood, past the obscene harpies, to the plain of burning sand, where an eternal shower of fire is falling; on again to the crimson stream that runs down to the

Geryon.

centre of hell, when a strange and monstrous shape comes swimming up through the dark air. It is Geryon, the uncleanly image of Fraud. "His face was the face of a just man, so mild an aspect had it outwardly ; the rest was all a reptile's body." Upon the "haunch of the dreadful animal" we mount, and are conveyed down to the eighth circle. He moves himself with many a sweeping round, and, setting us down, bounds off, "like an arrow from the string."

*Flatterers,
liars, seducers.*

On the way, we see flatterers, "immersed in filth," and panders, and lying seducers, hurrying along — meeting one another — all naked, and scourged by horned demons.

*The wicked
hell-bird.*

We stop not to see the peculators, and assassins, and tyrants, but take a look at the "wicked hell-bird" on the margin of the boiling pitch — glaring, ready to strike.

The hypocrites.

The hypocrites are interesting, as they walk in slow procession, heavy laden with cloaks of lead, which are gilded and of dazzling brilliancy on the outside. A thief, with a load of serpents on his haunch and a fiery dragon on his shoulders, comes shouting along. The shadow of Mahomet, rent asunder from the chin downward, displays the conscious vileness and corruption of his doctrines. From the arch of the tenth

chasm are heard the wailings of falsifiers of every kind. Thence along the brim of the Pit, to mighty Antæus, who takes us in his arms and sets us down "into the bottom of all guilt," or lowest part of hell, where eternal cold freezes and locks up Cocytus, the marsh that receives all its rivers. Here is Cain, who killed his brother Abel. Then to the end—the last circle of Cocytus, which takes its name (Judecca) from Judas Iscariot, and gaze in admiration at the arch-traitor Satan himself, "Emperor of the Realm of Sorrow." He too is pursued by his own sin. All the streams of guilt keep flowing back to him, as their source, and from beneath his three faces (shadows of his own consciousness) issue forth the mighty wings with which he struggles, as it were, to raise himself; and sends out winds that freeze him only the more firmly in his ever swelling marsh. "From Beelzebub as far removed as his tomb extends is a space, not known by sight but by the sound of a rivulet descending in it, along the hollow of a rock which it has eaten out with tortuous course and slow declivity." We enter by that hidden road, to return into the bright world: mounting up through "a round opening the beauteous things which

*Antæus.**Satan himself.**Streams of guilt flowing back.**Return to the bright world.*

Heaven bears ;” and thence we issue out,
“again to see the stars.”

*Continues
the study of
Dante.*

All honor to Doré for his pictures of Antæus ! They are tremendous, — the mighty conceptions of genius. But he did not attempt the Devil ! After his success with the poet, in the frontispiece, I wonder that he hesitated. There is gloom there that is profound. It is not at all strange that the people should have pointed at the man with such a face, and said to one another as he passed along, “There goes the man who has been in hell.” The Knight of The Sorrowful Countenance had a smiling face compared with the poet of the damned. Pictures so vivid and interesting as these of Doré’s it is an enjoyment to

*A Dantesque
passage
from Heine.*

study. He should have illustrated a passage in Heine that is so Dantesque in description. It is of a remarkable quarrel in a little hospital at Cracow where he was an accidental spectator, where it was interesting to hear the sick mocking and reviling each other’s infirmities, how emaciated consumptives ridiculed those who were bloated with dropsy, how one laughed at the cancer in the nose of another, and he again jeered the locked jaws and dis-

torted eyes of his neighbor, until finally those who were mad with fever sprang naked from bed, and tore the coverings and sheets from the maimed bodies around, and there was nothing to be seen but misery and mutilation. Strange! that the literary outlaw who describes to us so faithfully the scene should have had a face full of all tenderness — as youthful and beautiful as Keats' or Hunt's. And so I go on, on — curiously and reflectingly — lingering over the matchless achievement of the poet and the illustrations of the artist. I contemplate the miserable, and participate in their wretchedness. In an access of abnormal misery, such as comes to me often in these later days of unendurable existence, I feel myself hardly less wretched than the miserable I have been contemplating. Hence the interest I cannot help expressing. It is but community of feeling. Proverbially, misery loves company. Goldsmith expressed the necessity in a letter to Bob Bryanton, though the gentle Goldsmith's misery, I imagine, must have been more a matter of fancy than of reality. "You," said he, "seem placed at the centre of fortune's wheel, and, let it revolve ever so fast, are insensible to the motion.

*Face of the
literary out-
law.*

*Abnormal
misery.*

Goldsmith

I seem to have been tied to the circumference, and whirled disagreeably around as if on a whirligig." To another, about the same time, he wrote, "I have been for some years struggling with a wretched being. What has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society." The

Wailings of the damned take the tone of my own sufferings. Their miseries are real, and not fanciful. They are fated, too, and sympathy expended upon them is wasted. Their pains are penalties; mine, I feel, are vengeful and causeless. Enough perdition here, certainly, for me. Paradise only could compensate. An infinity of delight must balance a life-time of anguish. The damned, consequently, I can hear howl and rage without being distressed. Justice doomed them, and the divine wrath is un-

Hell a necessity. Hell is a necessity. As I go through, with Dante, I find places for my enemies. Those who take pains so far to conceal and qualify their obduracy and selfishness as to now and then make a show of sympathy for me, I can imagine in the presence of the Infernal Judge, confessing themselves, and being whirled down, according as the coils

*Wailings of
the damned.*

*Hell a neces-
sity.*

of the remorseless tail determine, to suffer and writhe with the multitude of their fellows, ever and ever, without hope. And here I cannot help remarking upon something very interesting in the poet. Time and again he seems touched by the wretchedness he encounters, and gives unmistakable sign of sympathy. As in the case of meeting the impulsive and surprised lovers, Francesca and Paolo: he fell to the ground as if dead, when he heard their painful story: though the manifestation may have been to a degree selfish, as the sigh of Francesca — “There is no greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness” — must have reminded him of his sainted Beatrice. “I fainted,” he says, “with pity, as if I had been dying; and fell, as a dead body falls.” The weakness was natural in view of the painful remembrance. All in all, I think the historian and poet of hell would have been companionable to me. He could have understood my distresses, and entered deeply into the bottomless abysses of my anguish. When I groaned, his wisdom would penetrate the cause. When I writhed, his observations of the damned would diagnose the paroxysm. When the universal pain

*Something
very inter-
esting in the
poet.*

Beatrice.

*The poet of
hell as a
companion.*

prostrated me, as Pascal was prostrated, hopelessly, his quick sense of misery could conjecture the incalculable endurance. But I must live on, I suppose, to the end, without intelligent and proper sympathy. The common mind and common heart are incapable of it. It would require a genius of observation in misery and the heart of a celestial to properly sympathize with me.

*Exhausted
by writing.*

The time I spent at my desk day before yesterday and the day before that about exhausted me. Time was when I could write and write, without limit. The words ran away from my pen with the flowing ink. At a time, too, when I had nothing to say. I had not learned to unlearn what I had learned, and knew nothing. We gather and throw away as we ascend and descend the hill of life (wisdom I will not call it). Once I saw a little child, in swaddling clothes, on the floor. Some one gave it a big red marble (too big to put into its mouth), which it took in one hand; then another marble was given to it, which it took with the other. Hardly had the little thing time to realize its possessions, when a bright golden one appeared to vex it. There were three marbles, now, and it

*The little
child.*

had but two hands. Another and another and another was presented to it. What was it to do? It dropped and seized and seized and dropped, till, exhausted by its efforts, it fell asleep — the coveted marbles rolling away — not one of them all remaining in its possession. So it is with all, — at the top and at the bottom of the hill of life: empty-handed as the little child — the same at the end as at the beginning. Now, when I have something to say, I have not the strength to say it. Literary schemes dreamed out, all had to be abandoned. I had at one time something very compendious in contemplation. Years of effort would have been necessary to achieve it. Long ago I destroyed all vestiges of preparation. Note-books and note-books went into the fire, and a large part of my cherished hopes went with them. They were so much of myself. The batteries of the brain — how many! — had been operated to produce them. The brain! The minuteness of its parts and the magnitude of its achievements! A billion of the starry brain-cells, says Holmes, could be packed in a cubic inch, and the convolutions contain one hundred and thirty-four cubic inches! Going too long, the great scheme

*Wearied by
its efforts.*

*Note-books
destroyed.*

*The great
scheme
aborted.*

aborted. The loss of the half-formed thing left a void that has never been filled. Empty seemed everything for a space, and the ruin it made has many a time reminded me of the lady on the point of marriage, whose intended husband usually traveled by the stage-coach to visit her. She went one day to meet him, and found instead of him an old friend who came to announce to her the tidings of his sudden death. She uttered a scream, and piteously exclaimed, "He is dead!" But then all consciousness of the affliction that had befallen her ceased. "From that fatal moment," says the recorder of the incident, "this unfortunate female daily for fifty years, in all seasons, traversed the distance of a few miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach; and every day she uttered in a plaintive tone, 'He is not come yet! I will return to-morrow!'" My poor wasted preparatory effort is dead, buried, — I wish it could be forgotten. A record of the solemn entombment is inscribed in all the waste places remaining. And here I am writing about the figment, when I ought to be in bed between my blue blankets. My wife —

*"He is
dead!"*

*The solemn
entombment.*

Incautiously a section of the blinds was left open, and the blazing sun waked me long before my accustomed time to rise. “Sun! how I hate thy beams!” once exclaimed Dr. Johnson, — I imagine under similar circumstances. I quoted the lexicographer with emphasis. The sun! — it makes everything too visible; and the Doctor, with his enthusiasm of sadness, and observation, which, “with extensive view,” had surveyed “mankind from China to Peru,” was moved by disquieting disclosures. In the shadows only, and through smoked glass, as it were, men of the type of the Doctor should scan themselves and their fellow mortals. Too much light is exposing, as a slab of wood turned over on a bright sunshiny day in June reveals a multitude of hideous creatures, of manifold kinds, which scamper and crawl away in terror at the sun’s all-seeing rays.

The blinds left open.

Observation and introspection.

I am vexed to madness. A fellow with a horn in a top room of a tall building in the neighborhood was tugging and tugging away for hours last night at a few notes of detestable “Shoo Fly,” to the annoyance or horror of every one who heard, over and over, ever and ever, the same miserable

Infuriated by a horn-blower.

few notes. The rascal, blowing so hard and exhaustingly, had to have air in abundance, so his two windows were wide open, and the diabolical sounds produced by his instrument had free exit and opportunity for torture without stint. It is a wonder that Dante, in all the regions of the damned, found no place for horn-blowers.

*Windows
wide open.*

*An observa-
tion of Fu-
seli's.*

"Hell-fire, kept within proper bounds," Fuseli said to Rogers, "is no bad thing." Limbo might do, if the fellows attempted only the tolerable; but they keep blowing away forever at what they themselves and everybody must hate. A vile tune runs round the world, and is the universal fashion. Hated, too, all the time it is being played, or sung. Strange to think of — everybody hates whistling, and everybody whistles. It is the thing that policemen should be specially instructed to knock men down for doing. "Shoo Fly" in fashion, you climb to the top of Popocatepetl and you will find a man there whistling it. As, in riding up town in the evening, you see an article of dress adorning the persons of thousands which struck you as a novelty when you rode down in the morning. Strange, how imitative men are — monkeys are not more so. And the uni-

Whistling.

versal selfishness ! The horn-blowers and the piano-players never think of how they are vexing nearly all who hear them. Now and then, only, an interested person is found to say it is agreeable. In some houses there is an instrument of torture — stringed, springed, padded, or bored — in every room, which must be endured, — as the very people would punish you for complaining of it who complain themselves. The sensitive lady with the sensitive sick child, whose nerves are torn to pieces by the squeaking “organ” of a neighbor, would be furious if her young lady daughter’s practicing on the piano by the hour were complained of in the least degree. But that aggregation of discords and horrors — a brass-band — who can compass it ? who invented it ? A friend of mine was at the Boston Jubilee the other day, where there were twelve thousand musicians, and he said he had time and again heard a village brass-band of a dozen pieces make more noise than the whole twelve thousand. But, to think of it, nearly every one, at some time in life, has blown a horn, or made a noise on an instrument of some sort, to the torment, to a greater or less extent, of every other man

*Instruments
of torture.*

*A brass-
band.*

*Memorable
horns.*

At Jericho.

*At Ronces-
valles.*

*Nimrod's
horn.*

*Fingal's
voice.*

who heard him, and he should submit to endure like inflictions of others without murmuring. Horns, too, have played so great a part in the history of this world, that perhaps one should not quite lose all consideration for them. Their effect on the wall of Jericho is memorably recorded in Holy Writ. Sometimes I have wondered that the walls of buildings in which brass-bands were playing did not tumble down in the same manner. At Roncesvalles, Orlando, in despair, blew so terrible a blast, that he rent his horn and the veins and sinews of his neck; and Charles, who heard it eight miles off, was hindered by the traitor Ganellon from coming to his assistance. The sound of Nimrod's horn, which Dante heard, on his way, with Virgil, to the lowest part of hell, was louder still. "I heard," says the poet, "a high horn sound so loudly that it would have made any thunder weak." The voice of Fingal, in Ossian, was hardly less loud and terrible than the horns of Orlando and Nimrod. When he raised his voice, "Cromla answered around, the sons of the desert stood still, and the fishes of the troubled sea moved to the depths." At the very times when you most dislike to

hear what they call music, your ears are most open and sensitive to it, and nothing will shut it out. I have heard a music-box—set agoing by some sleepless old bachelor—through a dozen brick walls. I have heard a hand-organ playing a mile away. I have heard a girl singing — *A girl's singing.* screaming, screeching, squalling — when my ears were bound up and smothered with pillows. Fortunately, the barbaric taste generally disappears at manhood, or the world would be a pandemonium, and filled with imbeciles and incapables. The taste for music once become a chronic appetite or passion, all hope of practicalness or intelligent application in other fields may be abandoned. Patrick Henry played the fiddle — and he played it well, they say — but he was a great orator — the greatest perhaps that America has produced. *Patrick Henry.* God Almighty works inscrutably, his wonders to perform. He doth the incredible and exceedeth the unimaginable, for his own wise purposes. Exceptions he creates or *Exceptions* permits for encouragement or example. The old English divine said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." Doubtless God could have permitted a

greater nuisance than attempts at music, but doubtless God never has.

Incongruous marriages.

Wycherly.

Dying.

I have just received a complimentary invitation to a wedding. The bridegroom was a man when I was a boy. He must be a good deal past seventy now. The bride, I hear, is not much above twenty. These incongruous marriages! The disparity is suggestive. Softening is almost a certain consequence. Young women do not know what they do when they marry old men. Possibly their hope is in the conclusion of the song — that the old brass their old husbands leave them will buy them new pans. Old Wycherly was wise in the matter, and the promise he exacted from his young wife is a travesty upon it, in the comedian's best vein. I do not like to think of it; I fear the bursting of a vessel. The old actor, dramatist, and manager, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased, in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this, he summoned his young wife to his bedside, and announced to her that he was dying; where-

upon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotions on his young, weeping wife, said, "My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit you forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you may be called on to make?" Horrid ideas of Suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funeral pyres, with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, old Wycherly's young wife gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed. Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said in a low and solemn voice, "My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is — that when I am gone — (here the young woman sobbed and cried most vehemently) — when I am in my cold grave — (Mrs. Wycherly tore her hair) — when I am laid low — (the disconsolate wife shrieked with grief) — when I am no longer a heavy burden and a tie on you — ("Oh! for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Wycherly, "what am I to do?") — I com-

*Exacts a
promise
from his
young wife.*

*Assures her
obedience.*

*Distress of
the poor
woman.*

mand you, my dear young wife — (said the old, dying comedian) — on pain of incurring my malediction, never to — marry — an old man again !” Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and, in the most fervent manner, promised that she never would ; and that faithful woman kept her word for life. There is not much to be said of incongruous marriages after that. It tells the story. Nothing further could be added to it without quoting the lines of Waller, On One Married to an Old Man, which I would rather not repeat. The whole thing is distasteful. An old man — shriveled and shaky — with a pretty young woman on his shrunken arm — is a picture for a satyr to grin at, and a philosopher to deplore. To be pleased with it would require a perverted taste — suggesting the delight of the surgeon, inspecting the blooming cancer, ripe for his pitiless knife. A poor young plant is the virgin green, that feeds on ruins old. Of right poor food are her meals I ween, in his cell so lone and cold. The incompatibility ! Only the amalgam of mammon could unite such opposites. It is Plutus’s best work, — at which he swells himself to his greatest proportions — jingling his metallic voice (“clucking voice,”

*Lines of
Waller.*

*Perverted
taste.*

Dante calls it), and licking his chaps like a disgusting great boar. Once I attended a wedding of December and May. The tailor had padded the garments of the bridegroom, and the jeweler had hung his diamonds on the bride. The smile of senility brightened the countenance of the one with a stagy light, while all the blood of the heart of the other seemed to be concentrated in her shame-stricken face. What wonder that Hymen blushed, that satyrs grinned, that Virtue felt herself outraged and Religion insulted, when Sin, in priestly robe, with priestly unction, in awful irony, pronounced the accursèd blessing? The occasion was a Vanity Fair indeed, at which a Death's head on a Venus figure was everywhere present;—at the banquet sitting; peering over the shoulders of beauty; drinking its drink from the goblet of Satan;—the latter an invisible and unexpected guest, but the happiest, by all odds, of the party. I went home a sadder man, — with the distressing certainty, that such scenes must continue to be acted before high Heaven, and increase, with the growth of what all men call civilization.

*December
and May.*

*Awful
irony.*

*Satan an in-
visible guest.*

For two or three days I have suffered *Suffers su-
premely.*

supremely, and the utmost I could do was to take care of myself. So long a sufferer, I have learned to do that. I should have been dead long ago if I had trusted other people to look after me. Some very important matter they would have regarded as a very little thing, and I should be no more. So, long since, I perceived the importance of attentive, perpetual observation and care of myself. I have a little book of duties, which I have religiously kept for years, in which is set down mathematically every little and great thing pertaining to my health — when to do certain things, to the minute, and when to avoid them altogether ; by which means, and by reason of special sagacity and acumen in all things in which I myself am interested, I have become a very genius in self-observation and care-taking. (Coddling, the brute of a doctor I lately discharged called it, on one of his last visits.) But, with all my care, I sometimes forget a duty, and suffer in consequence. When I had concluded my last bit of desk-work, the time had arrived for my ninety-two paces on the veranda. To my horror, and, I fear, my everlasting injury, I took ninety-eight ! And, not observing the temperature as I should (fifteen degrees above

*A little book
of duties.*

*A genius in
care-taking.*

freezing), I wore my light-weight muffler, and my heavy gloves, without lining. The effect of the excess in exercise, and neglect in not sufficiently protecting myself against the severe cold, very soon announced itself in a cough, the most distressing I have had for years. The doctor, however, was prompt, with heroic remedies, and I am better again, thank the Lord! The man seems to know his business, and me, especially. Though he did miscalculate, when he asked me my age! Impertinence! I did n't have the patience or self-possession of About's Greek servant, who, when asked his age, answered, imperturbably, "My mother wrote it on a piece of paper, and the wind blew it away." Better for doctor and patient if both had had the tact and kindness displayed under not dissimilar circumstances by two eminent English people. Horace Walpole, dining (it is stated) with the Duchess of Queensberry on her birthday (when she had just finished her eightieth year), soon after the cloth was removed, very politely drank her health in a bumper, and added, "May you live, my Lady Duchess, till you begin to grow ugly!" "I thank you, Mr. Walpole," replied her Grace; "and may you long con-

Effect of excess.

About's servant.

Walpole and the duchess.

*Age and
ugliness.*

tinue your taste for antiquities!" Ah! age and ugliness! "I remember," says the mother of Fanny Kemble, "the dreadful impression made upon me by a story Sir Thomas Lawrence told my mother of Lady J——, (George the Fourth's Lady J——,) who, standing before her drawing-room looking-glass, and unaware that he was in the rooms, exclaimed: 'I swear it would be better to go to hell at once than to live to grow old and ugly.'" Some one asked

Fontenelle.

Fontenelle how old he was. He parried the impertinence delicately: "Hush! Pray don't speak so loud; death seems to have forgotten me, and you may perhaps put him in mind of me." When I get decidedly better, and the conditions are favorable, I mean to express myself at length of this detestable practice. Meantime, discretion! To live to do so important a thing

Living.

I must look to living. Living! Could some one teach the art! We should all flock to him to learn. Other people we are very wise about. Of ourselves we are ignorant enough. We are constructed to see outwardly, says old Montaigne. Other people's sins trouble us. But here I am, running on. Philosophy to the moon! What care I for it or anything in comparison with

*Other people's
sins.*

myself. It is when I forget myself that I suffer most. The consequences of even a moment's abstraction have sometimes been nearly fatal to me. Dreaming one day over some choice sweet amid the treasures of my library, I mistook the tiger on my rug for the veritable beast from Bengal, and started, in a manner to upset all my nerves. Yet *His nerves upset.*

"Blessèd are the Books, I say,
For honey of the soul are they."

And I will enjoy them, and dream over them, to the end. Any deprivation before that. The doctor, by the by, promises me an evening of social converse in my library soon. We shall enjoy it together, I think. He has the stuff of a thinker in him: I hope he has good taste. If he should betray a liking for the modern society novel — written to be read without reflection — as a procession or masquerade is viewed, in which one has the slightest interest — I could not help losing respect for him. I do not expect the man to be a Solomon in wisdom, an Emerson in taste, or an angel in virtue. I should be unfit for him if he were. As to angels, they are fancies. Leigh Hunt's conception is the very best, *The modern society novel.* I think, that literature has produced. An *Hunt's idea of an angel.*

angel (he says) is the chorister of heaven, the page of martyrdom, the messenger from the home of mothers. He comes to the tears of the patient, and is in the blush of a noble anger. He kisses the hand that gives an alms. He talks to parents of their departed children, and smooths the pillow of sickness, and supports the cheek of the prisoner against the wall, and is the knowledge and comfort which a heart has of itself when nobody else knows it, and is the playfellow of hope, and the lark of aspiration, and the lily in the dusk of adversity. After such a passage, to be twisted into contortions by a toe-ache is to suffer a pang of memory and a discouragement to hope unknown outside the nethermost abyss of the doomed. A twinge of the gout, I suspect.

*Twisted into
contortions.*

*Hates disputa-
tion.*

I hate disputation. My wife — It is not discussion. It is next thing to scolding. Gentlemen ought to be able to talk without disputing; though no gentleman will introduce into conversation a subject upon which gentlemen might differ with feeling. That is the test. A very good man, as the world goes, sometimes comes in to sit with me an evening. The politenesses have hardly

been exchanged, when he asks my view of something. The view he at once takes to be a deliberate opinion, and falls to combating it, by giving me his opinion of it, to the contrary. As if I cared particularly what he thought about it ! He is too good a man to cultivate tempestuousness. It has been said wisely that no dispute is managed without passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion. Anthony Trollope is said to have been very fond of disputation for its own sake, and once at dinner to have roared out to some one at the end of the table, "I totally disagree with you. What was it you said?" Fenimore Cooper related to Moore an anecdote of a disputative man. "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny that too ; for 2 and 2 make twenty-two." On one occasion when they were together, Dr. Campbell said something, and Dr. Johnson began to dispute it. "Come," said Campbell, "we do not want to get the better of one another ; we want to increase each other's ideas." When the erudite Casaubon visited the Sorbonne they showed him the hall in which, as they proudly told him, disputations had been held for four hundred years. "And what,"

Bad manners.

Trollope.

Cooper's story.

Dr. Campbell and Dr. Johnson.

Casaubon.

*In the time
of Voltaire.*

said he, "have they decided?" It is expected by nearly every one that everybody will take a side of everything presented, and at the same time show very marked feelings of partisanship — to the point, even, of belligerence. On first nights, in the time of Voltaire, when play-goers were unusually excited, each spectator was asked, as he entered the parquette, "Do you come to hiss?" "Yes." "Then sit over there." But if he answered, "I come to applaud," he was directed to the other side. Thus the antagonistic bodies were massed for action. So, in society, every man is expected to range himself on one side or the other of every subject. Whatever the insufficiency of information and light, he must decide the question, and all questions, at once, that may be presented to him. Alas! to reflection nothing could be more ridiculous. Montesquieu, in one of the Persian Letters, says: "The other day I was at a gathering where I saw a very amusing man. In a quarter of an hour he decided three questions in morals, four historical problems, and five points in physics. I have never seen such a universal decider." Unreasonable and intemperate partisanship prevents intelligent agree-

Montesquieu.

ment. Lord Burleigh, we are told, was once very much pressed by some of the divines of his time, who waited on him in a body, to make some alterations in the Liturgy. He desired them to go into the next room by themselves, and bring him in their unanimous opinion upon some of the disputed points. They returned, however, to him very soon, without being able to agree. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "how can you expect that I should alter any point in dispute, when you, who must be more competent, from your situation, to judge than I can possibly be, cannot agree among yourselves in what manner you would have me alter it." Benjamin Lay, a violent reformer and enthusiast, was contemporary with Dr. Franklin, who sometimes visited him. Among other schemes of reform he entertained the idea of converting all mankind to Christianity. This was to be done by three persons — himself and two other enthusiasts, assisted by Dr. Franklin. But on their first meeting at the doctor's house, the three "chosen vessels" got into a violent dispute on points of doctrine, and separated in ill-humor. The philosopher, who had been an amused listener, advised the three sages to give up

Lord Burleigh.

Doctors disagree.

As to converting all mankind.

*Disputations
divines.*

the project of converting the world until they had learned to tolerate one another. It was Froude, I believe, who sometimes in impatient moments wished that the laity would treat their disputatious divines as two gentlemen once treated their seconds, when they found themselves forced into a duel without knowing what they were quarreling about. As the principals were being led up to their places, one of them whispered to the other, "If you will shoot your second, I will shoot mine."

*Pledge-mak-
ing and
pledge-tak-
ing.*

A man called to ask me to sign the Total Abstinence Pledge. He seemed to be a man of sense. I begged him to stay till I prepared a little pledge for him to sign. He went away. As if pledge-making and pledge-taking were not for two! As if any one existed who could not be embarrassed by a pledge of some sort. As if any man on earth could subscribe to the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount without reservation or qualification. As if —

*The north-
east wind.*

The wind is from the northeast. I felt it approaching very sensibly, long before it came, and prepared for it as I could. I

put on my pink shirt over a chamois jacket. I poured some Number Six into my boots. I breakfasted appropriately. I looked to the window stripping, and double-sashed the windows. Forewarned, forearmed. When it came I was ready for it. Mad to be barred out, it went skirring round and round for a hole to get in at. It dashed down the flue, filling the room with poisonous gases and smoke. It appeared where least expected, and where nothing would keep it out. Ah, the northeast wind! — the universal dread. Once hear a Britisher assail it! Boreas is a ruffian and a bully, but the northeast is a rascal. Æolus has not such a vicious, ill-conditioned blast in his puffy bags. It withers like an evil eye; it blights like a parent's curse; is less kind than ingratitude; more biting than forgotten benefits. It comes with sickness on its wings, and rejoices only the doctor and the sexton. When Charon hoists a sail, it is the northeast that swells it; it purveys for famine and caters for pestilence. From the savage realms of the Czar it comes with desolating sweep, laden with moans from Siberian mines, and sounding like echoes of the knout; but not a fragrant breath brings it from all the rosaries of

*Mad to be
barred out.*

A rascal.

*Laden with
moans.*

Persia, so destitute is it of grace and charity. While it reigns, no fire heats, no raiment comforts, no walls protect — cold without bracing, scorching without warmth. It deflowers the earth, and it wans the sky. The ghastliest of hues overspreads the face of things, and collapsing nature seems expiring of cholera. The cock in the barnyard is sullen and solitary ; the horse in the stable has a whipped look ; the donkey at the stack erects his ears, and shows metal in his heels ; the pigeons moan, like the undercurrent of the brook ; all men are shy and silent ; the children are quarrelsome and perverse ; the sparrows, even, are dumb and comfortless looking ; engines groan with their loads, and spit spitefully their scalding steam ; engineers see obstacles at every curve, and shiver ; passengers snuggle poutingly into corners, and wonder if ever so many disagreeable people were in the same space before ; the boy munches his apple with tenfold offensiveness ; the baby misses the way to its mouth with its candied fist ; the pug on the rug snaps and snarls like mad ; marrow congeals ; the spinal column gives sign of insecurity under the burden of a leaden brain. Alas, alas ! A northeast wind must have been blowing

*Nature
seems expiring.*

*Engines
groan.*

*Marrow
congeals.*

to account for an incident at a military execution in Hyde Park long ago — mentioned by Gilly Williams. A grave man, witnessing it, turned about, and said to a bystander, “By G—, I thought there was more in it!” And shot himself very soon afterwards. A northeast wind must have been blowing to account for an event in Paris streets the day Robespierre was guillotined — noted by Carlyle. From the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution, it is one dense stirring mass; all windows crammed; the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth curiosity, in strange gladness. All eyes are on Robespierre’s tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered; their seventeen hours of agony about to end. The gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which he is. A woman springs on the tumbril; clutching the side of it with one hand; waving the other sibyl-like; and exclaims: “The death of thee gladdens my very heart.” Robespierre [thought by many to be dead] opened his eyes: “Scoundrel! Down to hell with the curses of all wives and mothers!” I can imagine an east wind blowing when they

*Incident in
Hyde Park*

*Event in
Paris
streets.*

*Robes-
pierre's
tumbril.*

*Opens his
eyes.*

took Jesus out — bearing the cross for himself — to the place of a skull, and crucified him, between two thieves. I like to think of something to palliate the crime of Pilate and the mob. My Uncle Toby had a word to say for Satan, and Burns too, I think, in one of his poems.

*Age and
Want.*

Age and Want, oh ! ill-matched pair ! A beggar was just now at the door — an old man. Seventy-five years of age, I should say, at least. The air was cold, and I did not encourage him to linger ; though he did not seem inclined to relate a pitiful tale. He had evidently seen better days, and appeared to have a good deal of the pride of manhood left. There was nothing of obsequiousness in his manner, and the thankfulness he expressed was in the language of self-respect and intelligence. The Irish beggars, as Thackeray describes them, come crawling round you with lying prayers and loathsome compliments, that make the stomach turn ; they do not even disguise that they are lies ; for, refuse them, and the wretches turn off with a laugh and a joke, a miserable grinning cynicism that creates distrust and indifference, and must be, one would think, the very best way to close the

*Irish beg-
gars.*

purse, not to open it, for objects so unworthy. An old man, obliged to beg, is a pitiable character. I do not like to think of the extremity. Preserve, just Providence ! (exclaims Jean Paul) the old man from want ! for hoary years have already bent him low, and he can no longer stand upright with the youth, and bear heavy burdens on his shoulders. I know of nothing more terrible to contemplate than the inconceivable poverty and distress of the people of Thibet, as described by a traveler in that country. There are no plains save flats in the bottoms of the valleys, and the paths lead over lofty mountains. Sometimes, when the inhabitants are obliged from famine to change their habitations in winter, the old and feeble are frozen to death standing and resting their chins on their staves, remaining as pillars of ice, to fall only when the thaw of the ensuing spring commences ! “Did you ever observe,” asks Macdonald, in one of his novels, “that there is not one word about the vices of the poor in the Bible — from beginning to end ?” “We talk,” said Douglas Jerrold, “of the intemperance of the poor ; why, when we philosophically consider the crushing miseries that beset them — the keen

*Jean Paul's
exclamation.*

*The people of
Thibet.*

*Men as pil-
lars of ice.*

The mockery of luxury.

suffering of penury, and the mockery of luxury and profusion with which it is surrounded—the wonder is, not that there are so many who purchase temporary oblivion of their misery, but that there are so few.” The blessedness of life, remarks the Scotch author quoted, depends far more on its interest than upon its comfort. The need of exertion and the doubt of success render life much more interesting to the poor than it is to those who, unblessed with anxiety for the bread that perisheth, waste their poor hearts about rank and reputation. If men could discriminate between needs and wants, what fortunate changes would occur in their condition. Goldsmith wrote, “Man wants but little here below.” Man needs but little here below, would have been nearer the truth. His necessities are few indeed ; his wants include everything. They are as hungry as his desires. Sense can support herself (says Carlyle) handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteen pence a day ; but for fantasy, planets and solar systems will not suffice. It is right that poverty in old age should be impressively held up to young people, and economy intelligently inculcated as the means to forefend it.

Life more interesting to the poor.

Carlyle.

"Ye immortal gods!" exclaimed Cicero; *Cicero.*

"men know not how great a revenue economy is." "Economy," said Voltaire, "is the source of liberality." Thackeray, com-

mending Macaulay's frugality, admonishes, *Macaulay's frugality.*

"To save be your endeavor, against the night's coming, when no man may work; when the arm is weary with long day's labor; when the brain perhaps grows dark; when the old, who can labor no more, want warmth and rest, and the young ones call for supper." An aged husbandman, as the

German allegory runs, was working in his rich and wide-spread fields, at the decline of day, when he was suddenly confronted by a spectral illusion, in the form of a man.

A German allegory.

"Who, and what are you?" said the astonished husbandman. "I am Solomon, the

Solomon, the wise.

wise," was the reply, "and I have come to inquire what you are laboring for?" "If

you are Solomon," said the husbandman,

"you ought to know that I am following out the advice you have given. You referred me to the ant for instruction, and

hence my toil." "You have," said the apparition, "learnt but half your lesson; I

directed you to labor in the proper season for labor, in order that you might repose

The proper season for labor.

in the proper season for repose."

*Very
wretched.*

I have been very wretched for the last few days. — Every ill, it seems to me, that could afflict a man, has attacked me. Pains, pains, the most searching and excruciating, in every part of my miserable body. I thought again and again that my poor brain would split into pieces. The doctor seemed attentive and anxious, and his powders and drops have brought me to a tolerable state again. And he himself continues to be endurable, though he did last night quote from one of the modern humorists — there are dozens of them — who rely upon extravagance, bad grammar, bad orthography, and slang, to relieve the essential stupidity of their pages. Seeing my blank expression, he said, “You haven’t read him, perhaps.” I didn’t reply. The sagacious fellow, not to know my detestation of such stuff! Still, he seems a good doctor, and reads to me sometimes, as a solace. He is a natural reader. His reading is like good talking. After his allusion to the coarse humorist, he read to me, in a charming way, one of Zschokke’s tales, and I forgave him. Again he declared his intention to spend a long evening with me in my library, socially. I want to enlighten him a little as to one thing. His limited means,

*Modern
humorists.*

*The sagacious
fellow.*

he thinks, will not permit him to purchase books, so, I suspect, he has fallen into the easily acquired habit of relying too much upon newspapers and such books as fall in his way for intellectual food. He pleads a want of time too, and sets down to that his ignorance of good literature and defective literary taste. I hope, when I have the opportunity, to give him an object-lesson that will cure him effectually of his complaints. Ah! that searching pain in my left elbow! I can hardly hold the pen for the agony I suffer; but I must write a little now and then for occupation and variety. I cannot be always reading, and recording my pains. (Another book, for the doctor's special edification.) I feel myself about worn out. Everything distresses me. I am tired of the town, — man made it; I pine for the country, — that God made. (Pope for authority.) Oh, the noises, the noises of the eternal Babel! The rattling milk-carts; the lumbering ice-wagons; the cries of the street-venders; the jingle of the bells of the horse-cars, day and night, that always seem to stop just before my door; the squeaking hand-organs; the infernal brass-bands; the roar and roar of multitudinous wheels, wheels; the whirr of

An easily acquired habit.

A pain in his left elbow.

Town and country.

Roar of multitudinous wheels.

the locomotive, like a hurricane, — thank Heaven, several blocks away ; the dashing state carriages till far into the early morning, when wise people should be asleep, — at least be left undisturbed ; all together, enough to hammer the brain into a jelly, and destroy every vestige of humanity in the soul. How any one should be in love with the town is past my comprehension.

Johnson and Macaulay infatuated with London.

Johnson thought that when a man tired of London he was tired of his life. Macaulay was alike infatuated with London. Jekyll used to say that, if compelled to live in the country, he would have the road before his door paved like a street, and hire a hackney-coach to drive up and down all day. Lamb had a like aversion to the country, and pronounced a garden the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. For my part, I hate the town cordially, and — at times — everything in it. The stock-subjects are detestable to me, — the last fashion, the last actor, the last dance, the last swindler, — in all of which you are expected to be profoundly interested. The cits will babble away to you about evanescent nothings without limit. I do not permit them. And their devotion

Lamb's aversion to the country.

and worship of Mammon ! And how they submit to the few without a wish to escape the despotism ! The common individual submits to be an atom, without responsibility or feeling. He is so small a part that he feels no shame for the sins of the whole. "Multitudes never blush." With Sterne, in *Tristram Shandy*, I have the greatest veneration in the world for that gentleman, who, in distrust of his own discretion, sat down and composed, at his leisure, fit forms of swearing suitable for all cases, from the lowest to the highest provocations, which could possibly happen to him ; which forms being well considered by him, and such moreover as he could stand to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within his reach, ready for use. Think of it ! an imprecation ever ready for every annoyance of my detestable city life ! Capital idea ! But as big a book it would be as the *Hermit of Bellyfulle's* encyclopedia of cookery, — who died, I believe, after completing only a part of it, — a few volumes only. Cities ! How to account for them ! Charon, I think it was (in *Lucian*), who, surveying the earth one day (from above) with Mercury — his one only day of furlough under the bright sun —

*Worship of
Mammon.*

*Forms of
swearing for
all cases.*

*A capital
idea.*

*Hiding-
places.*

called them "hiding-places." A shrewd man sees a kettle boil, and others adapt the thing called steam to locomotive purposes ; and forthwith, one says, every fool goes everywhere for what he calls his holidays, but which, indeed, are his most laborious days. Ultimately he sticks himself down in a place where he finds the greatest number of people like himself. Hence these huge

*Contrast of
fields and
forests.*

cities ! Ah, the contrast of fields and forests ! Trees ! Think of them ! In the United States thirty-six varieties of oak, thirty-four of pine, nine of fir, five of spruce, four of hemlock, two of persimmon, twelve of ash, eighteen of willow, nine of poplar, and I don't know how many of the beautiful beech. I once counted over thirty different varieties of trees in the space of one

*Trees and
leaves.*

acre. And the leaves !—their number, their individuality, their variety of shape and tint, the acres of space that those of one great tree would cover if spread out and laid together. - In the autumn to watch them fall—how slowly ! how rapidly !—yet they say nobody ever saw one of them let go ! Homer's comparison to the lives of men—how fine ! Better than Lucian's to the bubbles. I remember very well one October day in Ohio. It was long ago—

*An October
day in Ohio.*

“In life’s morning march, when my bosom was young.” (I like to quote from that poem of Campbell’s, — it is incomparable of its kind.) A delightful tramp! Elderberries. (The great Boerhaave held the elder in such pleasant reverence for the multitude of its virtues, that he is said to have taken off his hat whenever he passed it.) Grapes. Haws. Papaws. (Nature’s *Nature’s custard.*) Spicewood. Sassafras. Hickory nuts. Nearly a primeval forest. Vines reminding one of Brazilian creepers. Trees that were respectable saplings when Columbus landed. The dead roots of an ironwood — so like a monster as to startle. Behemoth I thought of. (“He moveth his tail like a cedar.”) *Behemoth.* Thistle-down. Diffused like small vices. Every seed hath wings. Here and there a jay, or a woodpecker. Grape vines, fantastically running over the tops of tall bushes, — grouping deformities, any one of which, if an artist drew it, would be called an exaggeration, worse than anything of Doré’s. Trees, swaying and bowing to one another, like stilted *Stilted clowns.* clowns in Nature’s afterpiece of the Seasons. Trees incorporated, — sycamore and elm, maple and hickory, — modifying and partaking each other’s nature; resembling

*A scudding
cloud of
pigeons.*

so much as to appear one tree. A jolly gray squirrel, — hopping from limb to limb, like a robin ; swinging like an oriole ; flying along the limb like a weaver's shuttle ; scared away, at length, by a scudding cloud of pigeons, just brushing the tallest tree-tops, as if kissing an annual farewell. Clover. Sorrel. Pennyroyal. A drink of cider from a bit of broken crockery. ("Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices for fear of poison, and sleeps in armor, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety?")

*Not a melan-
choly day.*

"All is fair — all glad, — from grass to sun !" Not a "melancholy" day. Keats's poem on Autumn comes to mind ; and Crabbe's. "Welcome pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves ; these guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves." Indian summer. Balzac's comparison to ripe womanhood. The significant worn walk round the mean man's field ; its crooked outline impressively striking. All in all, a white day. Memory of it supplies these notes. They might be expanded into an essay. The country, the country ! Though the man who would truly relish

and enjoy it (thought Dodsley in a letter to Spence) must be previously furnished with a large and various stock of ideas, which he must be capable of turning over in his own mind, of comparing, varying, and contemplating upon with pleasure; he must so thoroughly have seen the world as to cure him of being over fond of it; and he must have so much good sense and virtue in his own heart as to prevent him from being disgusted with his own reflections, or uneasy in his own company. Alas!—

*To relish
and enjoy
the country.*

The wits, most of them, have had their joke about the children. Sydney Smith, writing to Countess Grey of a new grandchild, says, "I am glad it is a girl; all little boys ought to be put to death." Lamb, after being plagued all the morning by noisy children, proposed a toast to "the memory of the m-m-much-abused and m-m-much calumniated good King Herod." A foolish woman once asked Barnes (editor of the London Times) whether he were fond of children, and received the answer, "Yes, ma'am; boiled." Coleridge, in his fondness for them, called them "Kingdom-of-Heavenites." Appropriate, I think, after spending a few minutes with a pretty

*Sydney
Smith's joke
about the
children.*

Lamb's.

Barnes'.

*Kingdom-
of-Heaven-
ites.*

little girl who brought me some fruit this morning. She was a lovely creature. In a plain dress of dark cloth ; roses in her cheeks ; sunshine in her hair ; innocence in her eyes ; in her face the light of heaven.

*Father Ryan
and the little
child.*

Father Ryan, a Catholic priest, once told me how, while he was preaching, on a great occasion, a child he was fond of came suddenly inside the railing, and pulling at his robe, and looking up sweetly into his face, said, " Father Ryan, are you going to kith me ? " At which, of course, many in the great audience laughed. But when he took the darling up in his arms, and said, " Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and descanted upon the innocency and purity of childhood, there was not a dry eye in the church, and sobs not a few were distinctly heard in every part of the assembly. There is no doubt that children

Jean Paul.

of a certain depth, as Jean Paul says, like buildings of a certain size, give echoes. Responses, we should call them, heard out of Paradise, repeated in the children.

Thackeray.

" I love," says Thackeray, " to see the kind eyes of women fondly watching children as they gambol about ; a female face, be it ever so plain, when occupied in regarding children, becomes celestial almost, and a

man can hardly fail to be good and happy while he is looking on such sights. 'Ah, sir!' says an enormous man, whom you would not accuse of sentiment, 'I have a couple of those things at home;' and he stops and heaves a great big sigh and swallows down a half tumbler of cold something and water. We know what the honest fellow means well enough. He is saying to himself, 'God bless my girls and their mother!'" "It is very easy," says Holmes, in his remarkable Elsie Venner, "to criticise other people's modes of dealing with their children. Outside observers see results; parents see processes. They notice the trivial movements and accents which betray the blood of this or that ancestor; they can detect the irrepressible movement of hereditary impulse in looks and acts which mean nothing to the common observer. To be a parent is almost to be a fatalist. This boy sits with legs crossed, just as his uncle used to whom he never saw; his grandfathers both died before he was born, but he has the movement of the eyebrows which we remember in one of them, and the gusty temper of the other." No wonder, said one who was acquainted with Lady Byron as Miss Mil-

A couple of those things at home.

Other people's children.

To be a parent is to be a fatalist.

*Lord and
Lady Byron.*

banke, that the marriage of Lord Byron was never one of reasonable promise. The bridegroom and the bride were ill-assorted. They were two only children, and two spoilt children. The best way of

*Plato on
training the
young.*

training the young, that loftiest teacher of the ancients, Plato, said, is to train yourself at the same time ; not to admonish them, but to be always carrying out your own principles in practice. It was the conclusion of Professor Venable, one of the most accomplished of his profession, that many

*A mistake
of teachers
of morality.*

teachers of morality destroy the good effect of judicious counsel by too much talk, as a chemical precipitate is redissolved in an excess of the precipitating agent. "Train up a child in the way he should go : and when he is old he will not depart from it."

*Southey on
training up
children.*

"Generally speaking," thought Southey, "it will be found so ; but is there any other rule to which there are so many exceptions ? Ask the serious Christian, as he calls himself, or the professor (another and more fitting appellation which the Christian Pharisees have chosen for themselves), ask him whether he has found it hold good. Whether his sons, when they attained to years of discretion (which are the most indiscreet years in the course of human life),

have profited as he expected by the long extemporaneous prayers to which they listened night and morning, the sad Sabbaths which they were compelled to observe, and the soporific sermons which closed the domestic religiosities of those melancholy days. Ask them if this discipline has prevented them from running headlong into the follies and vices of the age, — from being bird-limed by dissipation, — or caught in the spider's web of sophistry and unbelief. 'It is no doubt a true observation,' says Bishop Patrick, 'that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom.' Ask the old faithful servant of Mammon, whom Mammon has rewarded to his heart's desire, and in whom the acquisition of riches has only increased his eagerness for acquiring more, — ask him whether he has succeeded in training up his heir to the same service. He will tell you that the young man is to be found upon race grounds, and in gaming-houses, that he is taking his swing of extravagance and excess, and is on the high road to ruin. Ask the wealthy Quaker [Southey hated the Quakers], the pillar of the meeting — most orthodox in heterodoxy, — who

Sad Sabbaths.

How to make minds grow awry.

Experience of the servant of Mammon.

never wore a garment of forbidden cut or color, never bent his body in salutation, or his knees in prayer, — never uttered the heathen name of a day or month, nor ever addressed himself to any person without religiously speaking illegitimate English, — ask him how it has happened that the tailor has converted his sons. He will fold his hands, and twirl his thumbs mournfully in silence. It has not been for want of training them in the way wherein it was his wish that they should go. You are about, sir, to send your son to a famous school. He may come from it an accomplished scholar to the utmost extent that school education can make him so ; he may be the better both for its discipline and its want of discipline ; it may serve him excellently well as a preparatory school for the world into which he is about to enter. But also he may come away an empty coxcomb or a hardened brute — a spendthrift — a profligate — a blackguard or a sot. To put a boy in the way he should go is like sending out a ship well found, well manned and stored, and with a careful captain ; but there are rocks and shallows in her course, winds and currents to be encountered, and all the contingencies and

*Converted by
the tailor.*

*Doubtful
results of
school edu-
cation.*

perils of the sea." As to the training and conduct of the children of my own body, I choose to speak in the language of John Bun-*John Bun-
cle and his nu-
merous
progeny.* cle, who was seven times a husband, and, one would infer, the father of a very numerous progeny. "As I mention," he says, "nothing of any children by so many wives, some readers may perhaps wonder at this; and therefore, to give a general answer, once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many, to carry on the succession; but as they never were concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things, that I heard of, only rise and break-fast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to trouble any one with their history."

Is life worth living? Pecuniarily, hardly, one would think, to very many, after reading Dr. Farr's interesting chapter on the pecuniary value of life. A certain amount of expense, he says, has to be incurred in any class before a child can attain such an age and such strength that it can earn its own livelihood. It is very difficult to estimate what the expenses of even a careful man who passes through the ordi-*Is life worth
living?*

The pecuniary value of life.

nary university career must have been before he is able to earn anything for himself. Among the lower ranks the problem is simpler, though the facts and the general course of events have, making due allowance for difference in station, a considerable similarity. The value, says the doctor, of any class of lives is determined by valuing first at birth, or at any age, the cost of future maintenance ; and then the value of the future earnings. Thus proceeding, I found the value of a Norfolk agricultural laborer to be £246 at the age of twenty-five ; the child is by this method worth only £5 at birth ; £56 at the age of five ; £117 at the age of ten ; the youth £192 at the age of fifteen ; the young man £234 at the age of twenty ; the man £246 at the age of twenty-five ; £241 at the age of thirty, when the value goes on declining to £136 at the age of fifty-five ; and only one pound at the age of seventy ; the cost of maintenance afterwards exceeding the earnings, the value becomes negative ; at eighty the value of the cost of maintenance exceeds the value of the earnings by £41.

At seventy the value becomes negative.

The stupid doctors.

The stupid doctors, little as they know, it must be admitted, have made some ad-

vance since Hippocrates. One of the court physicians, in the reign of Charles II., invented an instrument to cleanse the stomach and wrote a pamphlet on it ; and ridiculous as a stomach scrubbing-brush may appear, it afterward got a place among surgical instruments, and received a Latin name, meaning cleanser of the stomach ; but the moderns not having stomach for it have transferred it to the wine-merchant, who more appropriately applies it to the scouring of the interior of bottles. Heister gives a minute description of it. Many of the remedies recommended and recorded by the great and good Sir Thomas Browne are not a bit less ridiculous or absurd than those mentioned in the compilation following. There was a special water procured by distillation from a peck of garden shell snails and a quart of earth worms, besides other things ; this was prescribed, not *for consumption.* for consumption alone, but for dropsy and all obstructions. For broken bones, bones out of joint, or any grief in the bones or sinews, oil of swallows was pronounced exceedingly sovereign, and this was to be procured by pounding twenty live swallows in a mortar with about as many different herbs ! A mole, male or female according

to the sex of the patient, was to be dried in an oven whole as taken out of the earth, and administered in powder for the epilepsy. A gray eel, with a white belly, was to be inclosed in an earthen pot, and buried alive in a dung-hill, and at the end of a fortnight its oil might be collected to "help hearing." A mixture of rose leaves and pigeon's dung quilted in a bag, and laid hot upon the parts affected, was thought to help a stitch in the side ; and for the quinsy, "give the party to drink," says one of the old books, "the herb mouse-ear, steeped in ale or beer ; and look when you see a swine rub himself, and there upon the same place rub a slick stone, and then with it slick all the swelling, and it will cure it." To make hair grow on a bald part of the head, garden snails were to be plucked out of their houses, and pounded with horse leeches, bees, wasps, and salt, an equal quantity of each ; and the baldness was to be anointed with a moisture from this mixture after it had been buried eight days in a hotbed. For the removal and extirpation of superfluous hairs, a depilatory was to be made by drowning in a pint of wine as many green frogs as it would cover (about twenty was the number), setting the pot forty days in

To help hearing.

For the quinsy.

To make the hair grow.

To remove hair.

the sun, and then straining it for use. A water specially good against gravel or *For dropsy.* dropsy might be distilled from the dried and pulverized blood of a black buck or he-goat, three or four years old. The animal was to be kept by himself, in the summer-time when the sun was in Leo, and dieted for three weeks upon certain herbs given in prescribed order, and to drink nothing but red wine, if you would have the best preparation, though some persons allowed him his fill of water every third day. But there was a water of man's blood, which *Water of man's blood.* in Queen Elizabeth's days was a new invention, "whereof some princes had very great estimation, and used it for to remain thereby in their force, and, as they thought, to live long." A strong man was to be chosen, in his flourishing youth, and of twenty-five years, and somewhat choleric by nature. He was to be well dieted for one month with light and healthy meats, all kinds of spices, good strong wine, and, moreover, "kept with mirth;" at the *To be kept with mirth.* month's end, veins in both arms were opened, and as much blood let out as he could "tolerate and abide." One handful of salt was added to six pounds of this blood, and this was seven times distilled,

*An ounce at
a time.*

pouring the water upon the residuum after every distillation, till the last. This was to be taken three or four times a year, an ounce at a time.

*His scared
faculties
lose all pow-
er of resist-
ance.*

Diseased sensibility is one of my worst maladies. I suffer from it, at times, as no mortal could know. It takes every form of mental misery. Now I am down to a point so low that the machinery of thinking all stops; again I just touch insanity itself, where the mental machinery is all ready to fly to pieces. Noises, scarcely heard by another, pain me to the limit of distress. In every nerve and fibre I tremble in terror, and my scared faculties lose all power of resistance. I envy, from my soul, the Lapp who drinks tobacco oil as a stomachic, and has a skin as insensible as his stomach. In Lapland, as Montesquieu puts it, "you must flay a man to make him feel."

*Byron when
dying.*

I can well understand the sensitiveness of Lord Byron, who, even in dying, shrunk away when those about him put their hands near his foot, as if fearing that they should uncover it. In his last sickness it was thought right to apply blisters to the soles of his feet. When on the point of putting them on, the poet asked the attendant whether it

would answer the purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing immediately the motive that led him to ask this question, the nurse told him that he would place them above the knees. "Do so," was the reply.

The poet's suggestion.

I once knew a man — eminent in his profession — who carried an unsightly birth-mark in his face. I never met him without perceiving a slight shock of apprehension, lest I might observe too closely his misfortune. Dr. Franklin mentions a gentleman

who, having one very handsome and one shriveled leg, was wont to test the disposition of a new acquaintance by observing whether he or she looked first or most at the best or worst leg. Erskine was intensely sensitive, and his acute sensibility being independent of any and every other malady, as my sensitiveness is not (to my everlasting distress), it helped him as an advocate and orator. Once, we are told, he was confused and put out in an impassioned address to a jury by a yawning attorney, placed by malice prepense exactly in his line of view under the jury-box. Arrested 'in his own despite by the absent or desponding look of Garrow, who was with him in the cause, he whispered, "Who do you think can get on with that wet blanket of a face of

A novel test of disposition.

Malice prepense.

*Erskine's
maiden
effort.*

yours before him ?” His maiden effort in the House of Commons was marred by the real or affected indifference of Pitt, who, after listening a few minutes, and taking a note or two as if intending to reply, dashed pen and paper upon the floor with a contemptuous smile. Erskine could not recover from this expression of disdain ; “ his voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited and shorn of his fame.”

*Pitt's bitter-
ness.*

On another occasion, Pitt rose after Erskine and began : “ I rise to reply to the right honorable gentleman (Fox) who spoke last but one. As for the honorable and learned gentleman who spoke last, he did no more than regularly repeat what fell from the gentleman who preceded him, and as regularly weakened what he repeated.”

*A story told
by Lamb.*

No man ever existed, I believe, with more acute and unavoidable antipathies than myself. I can well believe the story told by Charles Lamb, of two persons meeting (who never saw each other before in their lives) and instantly fighting. Blank, said Coleridge, “ is one of those men who go far to shake my faith in a future state of existence ; I mean on account of the difficulty of knowing where to place him. I could not

bear to roast him ; he is not so bad as all that comes to : but then, on the other hand, to have to sit down with such a fellow in the very lowest pot-house of heaven is utterly inconsistent with the belief of that place being a place of happiness for me."

*Not bad
enough to
be roasted.*

There are men who bully me with their immense, swaggering, animal spirits ; and I can imagine the distress of the sensitive

Goldsmith in the presence of the high-fed, gigantic, aggressive Foote. That element

*Goldsmith
and Foote.*

of Macaulay's character, which Palmerston called "cock-sureness," must have had much the same effect upon shrinking and self-distrusting natures brought in contact with it. Thoms, the founder and long the

editor of *Notes and Queries*, met Lord Macaulay in the House of Lords one day, and remarked that he could not quite understand why Pope satirized Dryden in the

*Anecdote of
Macaulay.*

Dunciad. Macaulay replied that Thoms must be mistaken, and before an audience of a score of peers spoke with his usual energy and eloquence in support of his view that Pope could not and would not have lampooned Dryden. All this time Thoms had a copy of the *Dunciad* in his pocket with a leaf turned down at the passage to which he had referred, but he was too well

*Fuddled
with animal
spirits.*

bred to produce the volume. Sydney Smith said of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, "He is fuddled with animal spirits, giddy with constitutional joy." Such a man to come into the presence of another all quivering from the effects of every malady known under the sun is a calamity. One objection that I have to my new doctor is that he has too high health. The mercury at zero, he comes steaming in like a locomotive. His features blaze like a constellation. And he is a little bit unceremonious, too, at times. Courtesy we expect, and have a right to, in a fair degree; in the doctor it is a commodity—we pay for it. To the point of obeisance or obsequiousness, however, it is as offensive as brusqueness or boorishness. Mrs. Basil Montagu met Burns, and pronounced him "the most royally courteous of mankind." In his sense of manhood he never forgot the man. In that portrait of Nasmyth's he carries the brow and mien of a natural gentleman. Ah, a gentleman! A rarer thing, thought Thackeray, than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle,—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant and elevated; who can look the world honestly in the face, with

*Courtesy a
commodity.*

*Burns a
natural
gentleman.*

an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners; but of gentlemen how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper and each make out his list. An amusing illustration of obeisance is in that most grotesque figure in Serjeant Ballantine's book of Experiences, of a decently dressed, quiet-looking man who used to present himself after dinner to the judges and counsel on the last day of the Old Bailey sessions. Upon his appearance he was always presented with a glass of wine, and this he drank to the health of his patrons, expressing "with becoming modesty his gratitude for past favors and his hopes for favors to come." It was Calcraft, the hangman! In contrast with that is the royal language of Byron, in one of his Dedications. After the words "Scott alone," Byron inserted, in a parenthesis, — "He will excuse the Mr. — we do not say Mr. Cæsar." Good-breeding is not wholly acquired; to some extent, like genius, it is the gift of God. When two persons of exceptional good-breeding (says Holmes) meet in the midst of the common multitude, they seek each other's company at once by the natural law

Great and small alike to him.

A grotesque scene.

Good-breeding a gift of God.

*Elective
affinities.*

of elective affinities. It is wonderful how men and women know their peers. If two strange queens, sole survivors of two shipwrecked vessels, were cast, half-naked, on a rock together, each would at once address the other as "Our Royal Sister." Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best-bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and get in. The other bowed and obeyed. The king said, "The world is in the right, in the character it gives — another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

*Louis XIV.
and Lord
Stair.*

*Politeness of
Louis XIV.*

It has been said that never was man so polite as Louis XIV. He never passed a woman, however lowly her position, even though she were one of the menials of his palace, without raising his hat, and the whole time he conversed with a lady he remained uncovered. And yet never was man more selfish and indifferent to the convenience of both man and woman; no matter what might be the state of the weather, no matter how delicate might be their health, he insisted upon all the la-

dies of the court attending him in his long drives or promenades, sometimes continued through several hours, beneath a burning sun or in frost and snow. Sometimes they fell fainting from their horses with illness, or fatigue, but such incidents never moved him. "Tell Murray," said Sydney Smith to Jeffrey, "that I was much struck with the politeness of Miss Markham the day after he went. In carving a partridge, I splashed her with gravy from head to foot; and though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to swear that not a drop had reached her!" I have heard Mr. Fraser say (says Wraxall, in his Historical Memoirs), who was, during many years, under-secretary of state, that in 1760, a few months before the king died, having occasion to present a paper to him for his signature, at Kensington, George the Second *George II.* took the pen in his hand; and having, as he conceived, affixed his name to it, returned it to Fraser. But so defective was his vision, that he had neither dipped his pen in the ink, nor did he perceive that of course he had only drawn it over the paper, without making any impression. Fraser, *Fraser's delicacy.* aware of the king's blindness, yet unwill-

ing to let his majesty observe that he discovered it, said, "Sir, I have given you so bad a pen, that it will not write. Allow me to present you a better for the purpose." Then dipping it himself in the ink, he returned it to the king, who, without making any remark, instantly signed the paper. It is said that towards a chancellor whom Sir Edward Sugden liked he could be as sweet as summer. Lord Cottenham one day fell asleep on the bench. Sir Edward immediately paused. The cessation of sound had the customary effect of awakening the chancellor. "Why don't you go on, Sir Edward?" "I thought your lordship might be looking over your notes," was the bland response. This, of course, pleased the chancellor, who was liable to doze, and hated anybody noticing it. Horace Greeley said he had never been beaten in politeness but once. That happened, he said, many years before. Early one morning he left Bragg's Hotel, at Utica, in the stage-coach, westward bound. There was but one passenger besides himself, — a gentleman of very prepossessing appearance, with whom he soon fell into conversation. After a while the stranger slowly and, as it were, mechanically drew a cigar-case from his pocket, and,

*Sugden and
Cottenham.*

Greeley.

opening it, tendered it to Mr. Greeley, who declined the kind offer. The conversation was resumed; and presently the stranger, extracting a cigar from the case, placed it in his mouth, and returned the case to his pocket. Another interval of talk ensued, when the stranger abruptly but deferentially remarked to Mr. Greeley, "I hope, sir, you have no objection to a cigar?" "None in the world, sir," replied Mr. Greeley, "when it is not alight." "Oh," said his companion, "I had not the most remote thought of lighting it." Thereupon Mr. Greeley felt that he had been conquered in politeness.

Declines a cigar.

Conquered in politeness.

As to compliments, I employ myself recollecting a few that are remarkable in literature. It was told of Lord Ashbrook, who never touched a feather during an entire day's shooting at Holkham, that the keeper, by way of consolation, remarked that he had seen people shoot worse than his lordship. "How can that be when I have missed bird after bird?" "Ay, but your lordship misses them so clean!" After his overthrow, Hannibal took refuge at the court of Prusias, King of Bithynia. There Scipio came on an embassy. The

An amusing compliment.

*Scipio and
Hannibal.*

two great rivals met, and in conversation Scipio asked Hannibal whom he considered the greatest commander. "Alexander," was the reply. "And who next?" "Pyrrhus." "And who after him?" "Myself." "And what would you have said if you had beaten me at Zena?" "In that case I should have put myself before Alexander and Pyrrhus and all other generals." Mademoiselle Ra-

*Rachel and
Ingres.*

chel was very anxious to have her portrait taken by Ingres, and made an appointment with him at his studio to talk the matter over. In the course of conversation he remarked that in order to do justice to his model he should require at least fifty sittings of from two to three hours each. "How long will it be before the portrait is completed?" she inquired. "Four or five years," was the painter's reply. "Misery!" exclaimed Rachel; "then I must abandon the idea, for I may be dead and buried before you have immortalized me." "Mademoiselle," answered Ingres, with a smile, "I have no such pretension; your own genius has already saved me the trouble."

*One of
Hunt's
school-
fellows.*

Allen, one of Leigh Hunt's school-fellows, was so handsome, that running one day against a barrow-woman in the street, and turning round to appease her in the midst

of her abuse, she said, "Where are you driving to, you great hulking, good-for-nothing, beautiful fellow, God bless you!"

Voltaire, being on a visit to a very lovely woman, said to her, "Your rivals are the curious works of art; you are the most complete work of nature." Dr. Johnson paid a

fine compliment to the wife of Dr. Beattie, when he wrote to Boswell, "Of Dr. Beattie I should have thought much, but that his

lady puts him out of my head; she is a very lovely woman." Colley Cibber alluded to the Duchess of Marlborough as possessing

something that distinguished her above all the women of her time, — a distinction which she received not from earthly sovereigns, but "from the Author of Nature;" that of being "a great-grandmother without gray hairs." But the most extravagant

compliment — the most magnificent display of gallantry — is recorded by Madame de Genlis, in her Memoirs. Madame de Blot, then very young, one day said in the presence of the Prince of Conti, that she wished to have the portrait of her canary in a ring. The prince offered to give her the portrait and the ring, which Madame de Blot accepted, on condition that the ring should be mounted in the simplest manner,

Voltaire.

Johnson to Boswell.

Colley Cibber.

Duchess of Marlborough.

Madame de Blot.

The ring.

and not set with stones. The ring was, in fact, only a hoop of gold, but instead of a glass to cover the portrait, a large diamond had been used, which was ground as thin as glass. Madame de Blot discovered this piece of prodigality, and returned the diamond ; upon which the Prince of Conti caused the diamond to be ground into powder, and used it to dry the ink of the letter

The prince's gallantry.

he wrote on the subject to Madame de Blot. And so I run on in a rambling way, dwelling on pleasant things in my library, as a resource and remedy for my desperate malady. But I cannot close my record of the day without referring to an incident pleasanter than any I have cited to a man in my lone, lorn, miserable condition — mentioned by Dr. Johnson. "I knew,"

A very pretty instance.

said the doctor, "a very pretty instance of a little girl, of whom her father was very fond, who once when he was in a melancholy fit, and had gone to bed, persuaded him to rise in good humor by saying, 'My dear papa, please to get up, and let me help you on with your clothes, that I may learn to do it when you are an old man.' " Ah ! solar systems for such a child !

Lord Chancellor Brougham was once

asked to define a lawyer. "A lawyer," he said, "is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself." My observation and experience, too, prove to me the truthfulness of the definition. My agent came to me yesterday to say that the claim left in the hands of a lawyer in Illinois for collection is lost!—the rascal having pocketed the amount, in addition to moneys from time to time advanced to him as fees. The villainy is a surprise and a great vexation, for the reason that the rascal was highly recommended to me for probity and honor. How many comforts that thousand dollars or so would have bought me! How many physician's visits and apothecary's bills it would have paid! The debtor, it appears, was an honest man; the incorruptible attorney employed to hunt him down turns out to be the thief. Time was when such villainy might have been punished. Not now. The profession stand together for mutual protection. Now and then an effort is made to disbar an attorney for criminal practices, and as often it fails. Dealing so habitually in tricks and perjuries, the feeble promptings and declarations of truth are unfelt and unheeded. It was

*Brougham's
definition of
a lawyer.*

*An unpleasant
surprise.*

*The lawyer
the thief.*

*Caleb Bal-
derstone.*

Caleb Balderstone, I believe, the faithful seneschal at Wolf's Crag, that was always telling "lees" for the "credit of the family." So the legal profession, quarrel as they may and do, amongst themselves, — saying things to one another that go to the sources of character, — are nevertheless always ready in words of excuse, defense, and approbation of one another. No matter how many estates they swallow up, they are innocency incarnate. The fly once into the parlor of the spider, it is the holy of holies. And the spiders are in league with one another. They inveigle to ruin. Peterborough is made to say by Landor, and very justly, "If an English lawyer is in danger of starving in a market-town or village, he invites another, and both thrive." The more the better. They inspire quarrels, and grow rich settling them. They suggest the indispensable testimony, and it is supplied. "I want to go into a coal-mine," said Tom Sheridan, "in order to say I have been there." "Well, then, say so," replied the admirable father. Lying is so easy, and is so freely excused. "To lie for a friend," said Voltaire, "is friendship's first duty. Lying is a vice only when it does harm ; it is a very

*Peter-
borough.*

Lying.

great virtue when it does good." There is a story of an Irishman on his trial for a felony who brought witnesses to speak for his character. They bore their testimony but too effectually, — the catalogue of the novel virtues which were attributed to him so perplexed his imagination that he cried out in court, "My lord, if I had but known what I was, I would not have done it!" The effect was just as surprising but very different in a case of Serjeant Ballantine's, reported in his interesting Experiences. One of his first briefs was given to him by a rather shady attorney of the Jewish persuasion: and being at that time without experience, young Ballantine yielded implicitly to his instructions. A young gentleman of the same faith, he says, was called as a witness. My client suggested a question. Blindly I put it, and was met by a direct negative. "What a lie!" ejaculated my client, and dictated another question: the same result followed, and a similar ejaculation. By his further instruction I put a third, the answer to which completely knocked us over. My client threw himself back. "Well," said he, "he is a liar, he always was a liar, and always will be a liar." "Why," remarked

*Story of an
Irishman.*

*A case of
Ballantine's.*

*Knocked
over.*

I, "you seem to know all about him."
"Of course I do," was the reply; "he is my own son!" Lying, says Leigh Hunt, is the commonest and most conventional of all the vices. It pervades, more or less, every class of the community, and is fancied to be so necessary to the carrying on of human affairs, that the practice is tacitly agreed upon; nay, in other terms, openly avowed. In the monarch, it is kingcraft. In the statesman, expediency. In the churchman, mental reservation. In the lawyer, the interest of his client. In the merchant, manufacturer, and shopkeeper, secrets of trade. Says Taine, the best of men in Paris lie ten times a day; the best of women twenty times a day; the fashionable man a hundred times a day. No estimate has ever been made as to how many times a day a fashionable woman lies. Father Holt, the Jesuit, in *Esmond*, said to the boy, Henry, "that if to keep silence is not to lie, as it certainly is not, yet silence is, after all, equivalent to a negation, and therefore a downright No, in the interest of justice or your friend, and in reply to a question that may be prejudicial to either, is not criminal, but on the contrary, praiseworthy; and as law-

Lying.

*Secrets of
trade.*

*Father
Holt.*

ful a way as the other of eluding a wrongful demand." The bad in human nature is generously accommodated. There are good and bad notes in most voices, it is said — I know little about it myself. On one occasion, in Italy, a composer wrote his solos for one of his opera singers in a way to bring in all his worst notes very frequently; but it was to get rid of him. Happy if the exposure of evil in the legal profession resulted in the same manner. But hired sin becomes brazen, and virtue, as a consequence, shamefaced. It has been remarked as a noticeable fact that all contributions to the "conscience fund" are made anonymously. Can it be, it has been asked, that the man with a conscience is ashamed of it? Too tender a conscience has been remarked upon by Goethe as objectionable. He spoke of a boy who could not console himself after he had committed a trifling fault. "I was sorry to observe this," said Goethe, "for it shows a too tender conscience, which values so highly its own moral self that it will excuse nothing in it." Such a conscience, he thought, makes unhealthy characters, if it is not balanced by great activity. Two consciences are suggested as

*The bad in
human na-
ture.*

*Professional
evil.*

*Goethe on
a too tender
conscience.*

Two consciences observed by Talleyrand.

useful by Talleyrand. A distinguished personage remarked to him, "In the upper chamber at least are to be found men possessed of consciences." "Consciences," replied Talleyrand, "to be sure: I know many a peer who has got two." Society grows more and more lenient towards villainy. Statutes, more and more, are being

Statutes and penalties.

framed by the criminal lawyers for the benefit of criminals. Penalties, too, are being lessened and lessened. A breach of verbal contract is not any very great matter in these days of universal enlightenment and much preaching; but think of the penalty for it in the Zendavesta — liability of the next of kin to the ninth degree, and three hundred years in hell!

The first lawyer.

The first lawyer, I believe, that we have any account of in Holy Writ is Jonadab, who is described by the inspired writer as a "very subtile man." He was consulted by Amnon in the sin against Tamar his sister. He was an arch pettifogger, I have no doubt. He gave the devilish advice and disappeared from the scene. Jonadab, the "subtile man:" a fair type, I should think, of too great a proportion of the lawyers — next in the order of approximate total depravity to the hypocritical priests and

Hypocritical priests and corrupt judges.

corrupt judges. A convenient, elastic conscience, subtilty, and what is vulgarly called "cheek," are indispensable. "I would rather have your cheek," said a gentleman to a petty attorney, "than a license to steal." Any way to accomplish an object; but the audacious or cunning way, being most professional, is preferred. In their covert practices they sometimes remind me of the blood-sucking bats of South America, described by Wallace. The exact manner in which the animal attacks is not positively known, as the sufferer never feels the wound. The motion of the wings fans the sleeper into a deeper slumber, and renders him insensible to the gentle abrasion of the skin either by teeth or tongue. Thus ultimately forms a minute opening, the blood flowing from which is sucked or lapped up by the hovering vampire. "Keep out of chancery," said old Krook, in Bleak House. "For," said he, "it's being ground to bits in a slow mill; it's being roasted at a slow fire; it's being stung to death by single bees; it's being drowned by drops; it's going mad by grains." As to advocacy, I have long thought with Carlyle, that it is a strange trade. "Your intellect, your highest heavenly gift, hung

*Blood-sucking
bats.*

*Advice of
old Krook.*

*Economy in
justice.*

*Implacable
Rhadaman-
thus.*

up in the shop-window like a loaded pistol for sale ; will either blow out a pestilent scoundrel's brains, or the scoundrel's salutary sheriff's officer's (in a sense), as you please to choose for your guinea." Sometimes, in a generous mood, I am reminded of Paddy's suggestion of economy in justice, and feel like commending it as a stroke of policy. It occurred in the case of an outlaw, who was a blacksmith, condemned to transportation for life, but who excited powerful sympathy on the score of his professional merits. He lived in a hunting county where his aid was thought so valuable that an application was made to the judge in order that his sentence might be mitigated. "He is the only man, your honor," said the influential deputation, "who can shoe a horse for miles about us." "Impossible, gentlemen," replied the Rhadamanthus ; "an example must be made." "Very true," observed the applicants ; "but, you see, we have got only one blacksmith, whilst we have a number of attorneys. Could n't you take one of the attorneys?" Though commending the suggestion, I am happy to record that I know at least one lawyer who is an honest man. His big brain is the

home of wisdom, and "the Ten Commandments are written on his countenance."

Integrity, entireness, soundness to the core. I do like an honest man. He realizes the precept, in passing every day as the last, and in being neither violently excited nor torpid, nor playing the hypocrite. He stands a man, responsible to all men for all the manhood there is in him. He is known and read, and his life is in no sense a lie. He so lives with man "as considering that God sees him, and so speaks to God as if men heard him." "I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty," says Emerson, "as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds. I prefer to be owned as sound and solvent, and my word as good as my bond, and to be what cannot be skipped, or dissipated, or undermined, to all the éclat in the universe." Society could not exist for a day without moral honesty; it is as the hair in the mortar which holds the elements together. There must be integrity, if everything is not to be artificial and conventional. General Thomas said that the prime essential

Integrity.

*Veracity
and honesty*

Moral honesty.

*You must
tell the truth
to the In-
dians.*

in dealing with the Indians was to tell the truth, to tell the truth always, and to keep a promise, because to the white man when you failed to keep a promise you could give an apology that might be comprehended, but the Indian never understood if you did not keep your agreement. Valerius records that Fabius redeemed certain captives by the promise of a sum of money; which when the senate refused to confirm, he sold all the property he possessed, and with the produce paid down the stipulated sum, caring less to be poor in lands than poor in honesty. Confucius

*A saying of
Confucius.*

said, "At first, my way with men was to hear their words, and give them credit for their conduct. Now, my way is to hear their words, and look at their conduct."

"They that cry down moral honesty," said old John Selden, "cry down that which is a great part of religion, my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home?" Religion were emptiness and

*Religion
without
moral hon-
esty*

pretence without moral honesty; and only sentimentalists and illuminists in religion denounce it. When a preacher, of good sense, fairly upon his feet, inveighs against

morality, I set it down mathematically that he is either uncandid or mercenary. I have noticed that such (when not irresponsible from enthusiasm) almost invariably illustrated their discourses in a way unconsciously to denote their irrepressible, constitutional thrift; and threatened to resign their pastorates if their salaries were not promptly paid. It was apparent enough that they knew perfectly well that houses are not built by beginning at the roof; yet they reasoned preposterously that characters could be built in that absurd manner. Balloons, that move with the air, are not structures to resist the tempests; temples, that outlast the storm, have rock foundations. At the bottom of the edifice which is destined to stand, and to show no crack or flaw for ages, are great, invisible, well-dressed stones, perfectly leveled, and perfectly laid in cement. So at the foundation of the character of every honest man there are virtues and elements, cemented and established, that are destined to make it worthily everlasting. They are invisible, and were not for a moment thought of as to be seen by the architect. The honest man feels himself continually searched by the eye of

What he had noticed.

At the foundation of every honest man.

God, and the observation and estimate of the world are of secondary importance to him. He distinguishes between the real substance, character, and its shadow, reputation. He is careful about repeating the Lord's Prayer, as he cannot help regarding it as a test of himself, as well as an act of adoration to the Deity. Before pronouncing the words, Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors, he hesitates, and inquisition begins. Conscience dons the ermine, and consciousness testifies. Conceit of superexcellence is not a natural result of such self-examination. The ideal seems further from attainment with every effort; but effort is encouraged to become habitual by increased sense of responsibility. An individual, not responsible to party or sect, he has a conscience directly toward God. Doing his best to live virtuously and walk humbly, he confidently trusts the Creator to take care of the creature. With the highest standards of conduct practicable or attainable, he judges himself not less severely than others. The Golden Rule he believes to be particularly for self-application. His moral anchorages are fixed and habitual. There are things that un-

*Substance
and shadow.*

*Conscience
and con-
sciousness.*

*The Golden
Rule.*

der no possible circumstances would he do. His principles are in such constant use that they have the look of instincts.

*Principles
and in-
stincts.*

His morals are so constantly applied that they have the appearance of habits. He has realized the precept of Plutarch, that habit soon makes right conduct easy. Habit, indeed, he has discovered to be omnipotent. "All is habit," says Metastasio, — "even virtue itself." In brutes, even, he has seen the controlling effect of discipline. It is related that during the Franco-German war, after the slaughter at Vionville, a strange and touching spectacle was presented. On the evening call being sounded by the first regiment of Dragoons of the Guard, six hundred and two riderless horses answered to the summons, — jaded, and in many cases maimed. The noble animals still retained their disciplined habits. But deeper than discipline or habit — far down below either — the character of a thoroughly honest man takes root. Hawthorne said of his trusted assistant in the custom-house at Salem, that his integrity was a law of nature with him rather than a choice or a principle. The life of the thoroughly honest man, as I have said, is in no sense a lie. His acts

*A touching
spectacle.*

*Integrity a
law of na-
ture.*

*Acts and
professions.*

are better than his professions. He performs, if possible, his promises. In a public or fiduciary capacity he acts as if his responsibilities were personal. He does not turn thief when elected to office. He does not sink his soul in a corporation. He knows no friend in court. He does not deliberately swallow up estates by manipulating weak judges and procuring straw-bail, and afterward mercifully call the attention of the Almighty to the sins and short-comings of the women and children and imbeciles he has swindled and ruined. He does not live and flourish at a great rate at others' expense. The dollar in his pocket is not his if he owes any man a dollar. Scrupulous in meeting his obligations, he is careful about incurring them. Patches on his clothing are of little moment compared with blotches of discredit on his character. If by fraud or an act of God his affairs have suffered, his creditors are the first to be notified. He does not go on from bad to worse till his neighbors who have trusted him are cheated and confounded. He does not with the wheels of his equipage splash the mud of the streets upon poor pedestrians, when his whole effects would pay only a small part of his

*Awful hy-
pocrisy.*

*Conduct in
extremity.*

indebtedness. He makes a clean breast to his butcher and baker, as well as to his banker, that neither may have any advantage over the other. He takes no advantage of oversight or neglect, and meets misfortune more than half way. His precepts and practices agree. If he or one of his children finds a sum of money, the act is not so hidden as to make it a theft. He will not have one penny that is not his — that cannot be accounted for. Clean hands, a clean conscience. There is a story of an old merchant who, on his death-bed, divided the result of long years of labor, some few hundreds in all, amongst his sons. "It is little enough, my boys," were almost his last words, "but there is n't a dirty shilling in the whole of it."

*Fair to all
alike.*

*Death-bed
of an honest
man.*

Every man with a generous share of good blood in him begins life a democrat and a reformer. "I am no more ashamed of having been a republican," says Southey, "than I am of having been a child." Lord Eldon said in his old age, that "if he were to begin life again, he would be damned but he would begin as agitator." There was a time in my own life when making the whole world over seemed to

*Sayings of
Southey and
Lord Eldon.*

*For six
weeks a re-
former.*

me not a very difficult or gigantic thing. For as much as six whole weeks the process seemed very simple and easy. All that was requisite, it appeared to me, was for the sinless to get together and determine upon a plan to convert the sinful, — to make them sinless as themselves. Simplicity itself! and as practicable as easy. The good had only to agree upon the manner of making over the bad, and the work was accomplished, — neatly, and with dispatch. An old Latin author gives an account of a woman who believed that she “could shake all the world with her finger,” and was afraid to close her hand, lest she should crush it like an apple. So easy the achievement of universal reformation seemed to be that the obvious reason for delaying it was the same that restrained the powerful woman, — a merciful hesitation of power, — a shuddering dread of disturbing things. Ah! the omnipotence of edict, fiat, decree, ukase, act of parliament, act of congress, act of assembly, ordinance of council! I did not then know of the countless statutes that are inoperative or dead from indisposition or inability to enforce them. What suggestive great books could be made by collecting them! — mock-

*A powerful
woman.*

*Dead stat-
utes.*

ing commentaries upon the conceit and impotence of statesmanship. My scheme for delivering the world from evil was for the reformed of every place to assemble themselves together ;— those

who never drink ;

who use no pernicious drugs ;

who never gorge themselves at table ;

who are never concupiscent ;

who are never unchaste in thought, language, or conduct ;

who perfectly control their appetites and passions ;

who never deceive ;

who never lie, prevaricate, or conceal the truth ;

who do not love money ;

who do not oppress or insult the poor ;

who do not envy or impugn the rich ;

who do no wrong thing ;—

to take into consideration the miserable multitude,

who do drink ;

who do make use of deleterious drugs ;

who do overtax their digestive powers ;

who are now and then concupiscent ;

who are sometimes unchaste in thought, language, and conduct ;

who do not control their desires and appetites ;

His scheme.

The good.

The bad.

who deceive ;

*Those who
lie, etc.*

who lie, prevaricate, and conceal the truth ;

who underestimate and grind the poor ;

who love money ;

who envy the rich, and impugn their motives and conduct ;

who do many wrong things ; —

and at once, then and there, devise irrefragable prohibitory laws for the absolute and complete reformation of their imperfect brethren. To prohibit was to prohibit.

*The good to
convert the
bad, and kill
the devil.*

An exceeding great army to kill the devil. The earth to be made a paradise again. But the world got in and possessed me before the great scheme was announced. My opportunity was lost, and things have gone on in the usual bad way. Can it be, at last, that reforming is much a personal matter, to each one of us ? Each to “cease to do evil, and learn to do well.” It would seem so.

The agony I suffered all of last night ! I believe it is the gout. The doctor doesn't think so ; but doctors differ. “If your physician,” says Montaigne, “does not think it good for you to sleep, to drink wine, or to eat such and such meats, never trouble yourself ; I will find you another

*A saying of
Montaigne.*

that shall not be of his opinion." He calls it acute rheumatism, and says I read too much! As if that had anything to do with gout! Though I do admit the close relation of mind and body, and know how curiously they sometimes affect each other. *Mind and body.* I mean to make a study of their interdependence, and know more of it. But how a few hours of study in my library could produce a fit of the gout is incomprehensible to me. From whatever cause, it is here, and must be removed. My limb in a vise, with two giants twisting it, would not be more horrible than the agony I suffer. The Duke of Northumberland suffered from gout. He had tried, he said, every remedy for it, as he believed, except one, which, in the case of a friend of his, proved efficacious, viz., the bastinado. *The bastinado for gout.* This had been applied to his friend when traveling in Turkey, who was disabled by gout from descending from his palanquin to pay the required homage to the Grand Vizier; and it actually cured him! I trust so fearful a remedy may not be necessary in my case.

I feel, and watch, and count my pulsations by the hour sometimes George *Counts his pulsations.*

*Haller did
the same.*

Washington died watching his pulse, and I believe I shall do the same. Haller kept feeling his pulse to the last moment, and when he found that life was almost gone, he turned to his brother physician, observing, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and almost instantly expired. The same remarkable circumstance had

And Harvey.

occurred to the great Harvey; he kept making observations on the state of his pulse when life was drawing to its close; "as if," as was said, "that he who had taught us the beginning of life, might himself, at his departing from it, become acquainted with that of death." Everything I know about the circulation terrifies me.

*The heart a
wonderful
thing.*

The heart — what a wonderful thing it is! To it we refer our joys, our sorrows, and our affections; yet when grasped with the fingers, it gives no information of the fact to the possessor, unmistakably responding at the same time to the varied emotions of the mind. I think of these mysteries, in hours of sleeplessness, till I am almost distracted. Then the accidents and contingencies of life appear to vex me. A thousand of them, it seems to me, appear to my mind at the same time. Though happenings, I try to think they are not always

*Accidents
and contin-
gencies.*

misfortunes. There was that remarkable dinner, one hot day, at Barrère's — mentioned by Carlyle in his History. At this dinner, the day being so hot, the guests all stript their coats, and left them in the drawing-room : whereupon Carnot glided out ; groped in Robespierre's pocket ; found a list of forty [to be butchered by the guillotine], his own name among them ; "and tarried not at the wine-cup that day !"

*Dinner at
Barrère's.*

At that fearful time, human life was nothing, and human bodies were treated as brutes. At Meudon, says Montgaillard, there was a tannery of human skins ; such of the guillotined as seemed worth flaying : of which perfectly good wash-leather was made ; for breeches and other uses. The skin of the men, he remarks, was superior in toughness and quality to chamois ; that of the women was good for almost nothing, being so soft in texture. Which reminds me that after the battle of Munda, on the Guadalquivir, near Cordova, where Cæsar routed the Pompeians, Munda (says Froude in his life of Cæsar) was at once blockaded, the inclosing wall — savage evidence of the temper of the conquerors — being built of dead bodies pinned together with lances, and on the

*A tannery
of human
skins.*

*A wall built
of dead
bodies.*

top of it a fringe of heads on sword's points with the faces turned towards the town.

*Self-right-
eousness.*

A man and a woman called to know if I was supplied with the Bible! There was nothing about them to remind me of "the shepherd" and "the mother-in-law" in *Pickwick*. Oh, no! Though I did detect a degree of self-righteousness lurking in their countenances. I might have shown them our Bible in every English version, and the bible of the Hindoos, of the Parsees, of the Mahometans, and of the Mormons. Respectfully they retired. I did not remark the least condescension. The woman had, I thought, somewhat the look of old grandmother Falconer, who was a terror to her neighborhood; because, being a law to herself, she would therefore be a law to other people. The healthy heart that said to itself, "How healthy am I!" was already fallen into the fatalest sort of disease. Is not sentimentalism (I am quoting Carlyle) twin sister to cant, if not one and the same with it? Is not cant the *materia prima* of the devil; from which all falsehoods, imbecilities, abominations body them-

*Sentimen-
talism and
cant.*

selves ; from which no two things can come ? For cant is itself properly a double-distilled lie ; the second power of a lie. The brain (says Dean Swift), in its natural position and state of serenity, disposeth its owner to pass his life in the common forms without any thought of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions ; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions ; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason ; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses ; and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors, the first proselyte he makes is himself ; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others ; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For, if we

*Quotes
Swift.*

*Imagination
at cuffs with
the senses.*

*The enter-
tainments
and pleas-
ures we most
value.*

*Hood's de-
testation of
canters.*

take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition: that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. Thomas Hood, of all men, had the greatest detestation of canters. An awful widow, it is stated, having long pestered him with her insolent tracts and impious admonitions, he at length turned upon her, and wrote her a letter, — his Tract, as he styled it, — in which, perhaps, he used language somewhat too violent. He seems to have thought so himself, and concluded his performance with an apology. “And now, madam, farewell. Your mode of recalling yourself to my memory reminds me that your fanatical mother insulted mine in the last days of her life (which was marked by every Christian virtue) by the presentation of a Tract addressed to Infidels. I remember also that the same heartless woman intruded herself, with less reverence than a Mohawk squaw would have exhibited, on the chamber of death, and interrupted with her jargon almost my very last interview with my dying parent. Such reminiscences war-

*Less rever-
ential than
a Mohawk
squaw.*

rant some severity ; but if more be wanting, know that my poor sister has been excited by a circle of canters like yourself into a religious frenzy, and is at this moment in a private mad-house." Goodness, says Lamb, blows no trumpet, nor desires to have any blown. "How beautiful, great, and pure goodness is! It paints heaven on the face that has it; it wakens the sleeping souls that meet it." "The throne of the gods is on the brow of a righteous man." Alas! the devil lurks in many faces. The Arabs tell a thousand stories of certain hot waters in a grotto, which they call Pharaoh's Bath ; among others, that if you put four eggs in it, you can take out but three, the devil always keeping one for himself. Innocence, unmitigated, is with the angels in heaven, and in pure little children on earth. "You wished to see Adam and Eve, who were our first parents; there they are;" said the dauphine to her children. Then she left them in great astonishment before Titian's picture, and seated herself by the bedside of the king, who delighted to watch the children. "Which of the two is Adam?" said Francis, nudging his sister Margaret's elbow. "You silly," replied she; "to know

*Goodness
blows no
trumpet.*

*Pharaoh's
Bath.*

*Titian's
picture.*

that, they would have to be dressed." Said a sweet little boy, five years old, to his mother, "Which am I, a boy or a girl? I forget." Pretty incidents like these, in contrast with the ugly philanthropy that invaded my quiet with its self-righteousness, recalls the significant Hindoo fable: Vishnu spake, "O Bal! take thy choice; with five wise men shalt thou enter hell, or with five fools pass into paradise." Gladly answered Bal, "Give me, O Lord, hell with the wise; for that is heaven where the wise dwell, and folly would make of heaven itself a hell!"

A significant Hindoo fable.

A visit from his cousin Tom.

Cousin Tom, whom I have not seen for forty years, came unexpectedly to spend a few days with me. He has, to say the least, interested me very much. He is one of those persons they call professional invalids. The first words he said after his arrival were words of complaint. The great, lusty fellow came steaming in, complaining of the cold, when the mercury was only about twenty degrees above zero. I was glad to see him, and glad to have an opportunity of studying such an interesting character. Tidings of him had reached me from time to time through letters from

An interesting character.

my aunt Jane, — who always mentioned him kindly, but with slight expression of inextinguishable disgust at some of his ways. He troubles everybody about him with his perpetual complaints, but never in his life was he seriously sick. He weighs two hundred pounds, and is as round-limbed and muscular as he was at twenty. His teeth are all sound, and shine like ivory. “Sovereignty would have pawned her jewels for them.” A marvel of health, he is ever repeating the litany of his little miseries. To see him eat, and then to hear him complain of his digestion! He clears voraciously his plate, piled up heaping with the richest viands, and then laments that he is not an anaconda! It makes a sick man ashamed to see a well man such a fool. Nothing in the world is the matter with him but crop-sickness — the disgusting result of habitual over-feeding. His cough, that he has been dying of for twenty years, is of the stomach, sheerly and unmistakably. He feeds excessively, and suffers somewhat, of course — why not? Is the man’s head of no use to him? Else, why persist in his folly? Is there, to think of it, anything so common that is of so little use as

Always complaining.

Laments that he is not an anaconda.

His head of no use to him.

*Swears at
his diges-
tion, and en-
vies the
healthy.*

*Scolds his
nerves.*

*Madame de
Genlis.*

heads? The eggs and the sausages that the man ate for breakfast yesterday, and the cups of strong coffee that he drank to hasten them down! And then to hear him swear at his digestion, and envy the healthy! I had to endure it all, though suffering at the time most acutely from an abscess, or rupture, or something, that is threatening my life. While he was moaning and groaning over his slight uneasinesses — the result of his enormous indulgence and intemperance — I could n't help wishing that he could be really sick awhile, to know what real sickness is, and be cured of his pretenses. Later in the day his abused nerves came in for a share of scolding, when he had devoured and burned tobacco enough to poison a peccary. But why lecture him about his disgusting appetites? The stomach has no ears. Self-command does n't come of preaching — it is a result of self-training, self-denial, and endurance. Madame de Genlis was born with numberless little antipathies; she had a horror of all insects, particularly of spiders and frogs. She was also afraid of mice, and her father made her feed and bring up one. He obliged her to catch spiders with her fingers, and to hold toads

in her hands. At such times, though she felt that the blood had forsaken her veins, she was forced to obey. And so a habit of self-command was established in the woman who afterward became so commanding in the French capital and at the court of France. Lamenting and wishing in such a case would have done no good, while discipline accomplished so much. Says Saadi : —

The habit of self-command.

“ Had the cat wings, no sparrow could live in the air ;
Had each his wish, what more would Allah have to spare ? ”

A verse from Saadi.

If some such a result attended my cousin's indulgence as the story illustrates, there would be some compensation in it. It is of a workman pulling his wife out of a ditch, with the remark, “ Why, Nanny, you are drunk.” “ And what do that argify, if I am happy ? ” Charles Mathews, in one of his amusing entertainments, used to tell a story of a certain innkeeper, who made it a rule of his house, to allow a candle to a guest only on condition of his ordering a pint of wine. Whereupon the guest contends, on the reciprocity system, for a light for every half-bottle, and finally drinks himself into a general illumination. But the belly-gods get no pleasure from

One of Charles Mathews' stories.

their indulgence except while they are eating. They are hardly away from the table, when they begin to complain of their aches. It is a wonder that they don't get provoked at their own growling. Crabb Robinson refers to the continued barking of a dog, irritated by the echo of his own voice, which was made by Wordsworth the subject of a sonnet. In human life this is constantly occurring. It is said that a dog has been known to contract an illness by the continued labor of barking at his own echo. My cousin Tom is invariably seized with a fit of coughing whenever a cough is recollected, referred to, or heard. A remembrance of his own pretended ailment is sure to be followed by a violent, sonorous expiration. It is a wonder that his whole breathing and swallowing apparatus was not long ago torn to pieces by his persistent straining; and not a bit surprising that something like an asthma should have crept into his chest—the direct result, not so much of his stomach cough, as the habit of indulging and cultivating it. Attending to his cough has been a great part of his business for twenty years—a transparent excuse for his chronic idleness. If he had had to earn each one of his dollars

Crabb Robinson of a barking dog.

Cousin Tom's fit of coughing.

His cough an excuse for idleness.

by ten hours in the sun, his cough, as he calls it, would never have existed. Occupation is the great blessing; we must be engaged at something or suffer. Diana was chaste because she was never idle, but always busy about her hunting. But for every day's diligence in my library I do believe I should not myself be able to survive. Nothing but my books could enable me to endure my distresses. There is a story of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself with scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards that unless he had found out this piece of employment, he verily believed he should have lost his senses. Sir Astley Cooper, when in retirement, satiated with wealth and honors, is described as looking over the trees of his park with a conviction that some day he should hang himself from one of them. He had spent his life in routine work, and it was too late to educate his mind to anything else. Ennui, as Madame Roland defines it, is the disease of hearts without

*Occupation
the great
blessing*

*A story of
the Bastile.*

*Sir Astley
Cooper.*

*Idleness the
cause of
ennui.*

*Jeremy Tay-
lor's reply.*

feeling, and of minds without resources. A writer in the London Spectator calls it a mental low fever. It has also been defined to be an afflicting sensation for want of a sensation. Whatever it is, idleness is the prime cause of it. Montaigne relates that when once walking in the fields he was accosted by a beggar of Herculean frame, who solicited alms. "Are you not ashamed to beg?" said the philosopher, with a frown, — "you who are so palpably able to work?" "Oh, sir," was the sturdy knave's drawling rejoinder, "if you only knew how lazy I am!" Jeremy Taylor said to a lady of his acquaintance, who had been very neglectful of the education of her son, "Madam, if you do not choose to fill your boy's head with something, believe me, the devil will." The Turks have a proverb that the devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil. In general, says Montesquieu, we place idleness among the beatitudes of heaven; it should rather be put among the torments of hell.

*The profes-
sional in-
valid.*

For one, I believe and affirm that the idle, self-indulgent, professional invalid ought to be put out of the way. He de-

presses and irritates and aggravates and infuriates everybody who is much with him or about him. The atmosphere he carries with him is blighting. The infinite ill effects of permitting him to live is illustrated in the results of the mistaken humanity of the philosopher in his treatment of the flea, described so felicitously by a veracious Frenchman. Causes and effects are set down numerically. I. The former, having been bitten by the latter, seized and was about to dispatch his foe, when he reflected that the little insect had only acted from instinct, and was not to be blamed. Accordingly, he deposited the flea on the back of a passing dog. II. This dog was the poodle of a lady, and she was very fond of the pretty animal. On his return to the house, his mistress took him upon her lap to caress him, and the flea embraced the opportunity to change his habitat. III. The flea having in the course of the night engaged in active business operations, awakened the lady. Her husband was sleeping peacefully beside her, and in the silence of the chamber she heard him in his dreams whisper, with an access of ineffable tenderness, a name! The name was that of her most intimate

*Effects of
permitting
him to live
illustrated.*

*The poodle
of a lady.*

*Jealousy
aroused*

*The big
damning
discovery.*

friend. IV. As soon as it was day the outraged wife hurried to the house of her rival, and told the rival's husband of the big damning discovery she had made. He, being a man of decision, at once called out the destroyer of his household's peace, and ran him through. V. The widow, when her husband was taken home to her on a shutter, was so terribly smitten with remorse that she precipitated herself from the fourth story window. VI. The other lady convinced her husband that he had wronged her by entertaining any suspicion as to her fidelity, and, becoming reconciled with him, seized an early opportunity of poisoning him. VII. Inasmuch as the jurors of that country had never heard of "extenuating circumstances," and the Chief Magistrate, thinking that he could not put a murderer to better uses than by guillotining him, the guilty woman was duly beheaded, and the sole survivors of the tragedy were the philosopher and the flea. It would not do to provide hospitals for the professional invalids. The effect of herding them would be much the same as that resulting from the habit of old Jews from all parts of the world, who go to lay their bones upon the sacred soil (described so

Reconciled.

*The sole survivors the
philosopher
and the flea.*

vividly by Kinglake in his matchless little book of travel). "As these people," he says, "never return to their homes, it follows that any domestic vermin which they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident, so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias, but I know that the congregation of fleas which attended at my church alone [what could be more remindful of the numberless irritating effects of voluntary invalidism?] must have been something enormous. It was a carnal, self-seeking congregation, wholly inattentive to the service which was going on, and devoted to the one object of having my blood. The fleas of all nations were there. The smug, steady, importunate flea from Holywell street — the pert, jumping, 'puce' from hungry France — the wary, watchful 'pulce' with his poisoned stiletto — the vengeful 'pulga' of Castile with his ugly knife — the German 'floh' with his knife and fork — insatiate — not rising from table — whole swarms from all the Russias, and Asiatic hordes unnumbered — all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast. After pass-

A suggestive passage from Kinglake.

A carnal, self-seeking congregation.

Swarms and hordes.

*Glad to pick
up the re-
mains of
your body.*

*Professional
invalids a
privileged
class.*

*Totally
selfish.*

ing a night like this [bad enough, but not to be compared with three whole days with Tom], you are glad to pick up the wretched remains of your body long, long before morning dawns. Your skin is scorched — your temples throb; your lips feel withered and dried; your burning eyeballs are screwed inwards against the brain. You have no hope but only in the saddle, and in the freshness of the morning air." Unhappily, these miserable professional invalids that I am writing about and illustrating constitute a privileged class of society. Charles Lamb called them "kings." Such persons, whether their imagined diseases be of the mind or body, in the opinion of the dissecting Hawthorne, are made acutely conscious of a self, by the torture in which it dwells. Self, therefore, grows to be so prominent an object with them, that they cannot but present it to the face of every carnal passer-by. This cousin of mine is so wrapped up in himself — is such a sublime egotist — that when I mention a real distress of my own — that threatens life itself with its awful gravity — he gives but a lazy, half-attention — amounting to no more, at best, than what Coleridge calls a mental yawn. To have

one's ills aggravated in that manner by a mere pretender in misery is enough to awaken all the Satanic in human nature.

I wish my cousin would go away. Even sick people, I think, with Montaigne (who *Wishes his cousin would go away.*

was much of an invalid himself, and talked quite enough of his maladies), should publish and communicate their joy, as much as they can, and conceal and smother their grief.

He that makes himself pitied without reason is a man not to be pitied when there shall be real cause ; to be always

complaining is the way never to get sympathy ; by making himself out always so

miserable, he is never commiserated by any. He that makes himself dead when

Never commiserated.

living is subject to be held as though alive when he is dying. "We are apt,"

says Hawthorne again, "to make sickly people more morbid, and unfortunate people more miserable, by endeavoring to

adapt our deportment to their especial and individual needs. They eagerly accept

our well-meant efforts ; but it is like returning their own sick breath back upon

themselves, to be breathed over and over again, intensifying the inward mischief at

every repetition. The sympathy that

The sympathy that would do them good.

would really do them good is of a kind

Discouraging to invalidism.

A habit of wolves.

that recognizes their sound and healthy parts, and ignores the part affected by disease, which will thrive under the eye of a too close observer like a poisonous weed in the sunshine." Herodotus speaks of a tribe who treated their sick in a way peculiarly discouraging to invalidism. When any one fell sick, his chief friends told him that the illness would spoil his flesh; whereupon he would protest that he was not unwell; but they, not agreeing with him, would kill and eat him. Naturalists tell us that if one of a flock of wolves wound himself, or so much as limp, the rest eat him up incontinently. Oh! Mercy on me! Three days more of my cousin Tom would kill me. Will he never go away?

Foster's Essays.

In rearranging my books this morning I encountered a favorite volume that I had missed the sight of for a year or two. I was glad to see it — a valuable old friend. It is a little, rude copy in boards of Foster's Essays — Andover, 1826. This is one of those little books that have had incalculable influence. It is filled with vigorous, cast-iron thought, from the first word to the last. The author often spent hours on a single

sentence. I know of nothing in literature that is a better stimulant for the mind, or tonic for the character, than the essay on Decision. And, strange to say, these essays were written as love epistles to the lady who afterward became his wife. She had intimated to him that she could never consent to be the wife of a man who could not distinguish himself in the literature of his country; and the famous essays were written to her in the form of letters, to prove to her that he possessed the requisite ability. Miss Maria Snooke, I think, was the name of the notably exacting maiden. She must have been a remarkable woman. He describes her in his Diary (at the time he was courting her) as "a marble statue, surrounded by iron palisades." Long ago, when I was a bit of a boy, I saw it stated that a distinguished American orator and statesman, then living, had said that he owed incomparably more to Foster's Essays than to any other one book in literature. Remembering the statement, I tried again and again to buy the book; but the bookseller knew nothing about it. At last, I found it in a gentleman's library, offered for sale in pecuniary extremity; he being one of those rare individuals who could be

*Written as
love epistles.*

*Miss Maria
Snooke.*

*Efforts to
buy the
book.*

economical in everything but in books. It was put up by the auctioneer only a minute after I had dropped in, and I was so delighted at the prospect of being the owner of the long-sought volume, that I bid three quarters of a dollar for it at once, and it was as quickly knocked down to me, — the gaping bystanders, of course, laughing heartily at me for giving so much for a little half-worn book that I might as well have had for a shilling. I went home elated with my purchase, and spent half the night over it. It was very evident that its former owner was an intelligent and close reader, for some very significant marks and reflections covered the margins of some of the pages. Wherever I went, I always carried the treasure with me; and later, it was one of the few books I always kept in my downtown office. It was one of the most comfortable offices in the block, and two or three of the dozen women employed by the janitor, by permission, enjoyed its comforts on Sundays and at odd hours when I was absent. One of them was a remarkable person, and I have often thought of her since. Margaret, I remember, was the girl's name. She must have had the blood of kings in her veins. Of the books on the shelf, she

*Knocked
down to him.*

The treasure.

Margaret.

liked Foster's Essays best, she said ; of which both the appearance of the volume and her acquaintance with it gave indubitable evidence. She had a very strong mind and magnificent passions. There was majesty in her mien, though a poor working woman. Regal she was, in countenance, suggesting Zenobia or Cleopatra. She seemed to me to be "clad in the usual weeds of high habitual state," so commanding and noble was her bearing. Her hair was so abundant as to appear a burden to her. But her remarkable eye is most distinct in my memory. It was a true Irish eye, — "gray, with long, dark lashes, and with lids deep set and well chiseled, — an eye speaking mingled innocence, mirth, and tenderness quite unmatched by any human orb." Once I saw it when it seemed to hover and melt over the dear spot and dear ones in her far-away, never-forgotten home, on the other side of the sea. Moore's pen would have run wild describing her. But the black drop was somehow mingled in her rich nature. "The beautiful river! The beautiful river!" she exclaimed, looking down out of the fourth story window, with that pensive far-away expression so peculiar to her ; and a moment after she was

*Regal in
countenance.*

*The black
drop in her
nature.*

picked up in the court, a pitiful, quivering mass of dead humanity. At the inquest I had an opportunity of paying tribute to her strong understanding and lofty moral nature. I set this down at a time when every faculty of my mind seems floating in reminiscence.

*The perfect
ballad.*

It takes two at least, it seems, to make a perfect ballad. "What can be prettier," says Cowper, in one of his exquisite letters, "than Gay's ballad, or rather Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the What do you call it?—'T was when the seas were roaring'? I have been well informed that that most celebrated association of clever fellows all contributed to it." And I suspect Gay had like help in the composition of Black Eyed Susan—another of his ballads not less remarkable for its perfection. John Anderson, my jo, John, all the world has been in the habit of regarding as another perfect ballad, till a verse lately added to it by a gentleman in northern Ohio proved it to have been, as Burns left it, far from being perfect. The additional verse was sent to me in manuscript, as taken from the lips of the author, and should make his name famous if he never wrote

*John Anderson,
son, my jo,
John.*

another line. I have copied it into the margin of my Burns, alongside the poem, and also copy it here, to preserve it further, in case the book should be spirited away.

“John Anderson, my jo, John,
We winna mind that sleep;
The grave sae cauld and still, John,
The spirit canna keep :
But we will wake in Heaven, John,
Where young again we ’ll grow,
And ever live, in blessèd luvè,
John Anderson, my jo.”

An additional verse

How Burns and the author of this stanza will strike hands on the other shore! I should like to witness the meeting of the two bards. Ah! the matchless poet of humanity! “Since Adam,” said Margaret Fuller, “there has been none that approached nearer fitness to stand up before God and angels in the naked majesty of manhood than Robert Burns.” But she *Burns.* speaks of the “serpent in his field also.” Though two nieces of Burns, living in the suburbs of Ayr, believed, when talked to by an American lady about Burns’ intemperate habits, that they had been greatly exaggerated. Their mother was a woman twenty-five years old and the mother of three children when he died, and she had never once seen him the “waur for liquor.”

*Byron's
question.*

"There were very many idle people i' the world, an' a great deal o' talk," they said. "What," asks Byron, in his Journal, "would Burns have been, if a patrician? We should have had more polish — less force — just as much verse, but no immortality — a divorce, and a duel or two, the which had he survived, as his potations must have been less spirituous, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived as much as poor Brinsley." Of Scotland, it has been significantly remarked, the creed is the Westminster Confession, but the national poet is Burns.

*A reference
to Sheridan.*

*A dance at
the house op-
posite.*

It is Saint Valentine's Day, and there is a dance at the house opposite. I can just see, through the lace curtains, the "floating radiances" swimming and gliding about. How it all carries me back! Ah! at twenty, with a sweetheart of sixteen! Happy then, miserable now. At the recollection, my heart "flows like a sea." It is the touch of a maiden's hand, according to the Oriental legend, that causes the trees to bloom. "For the first time," says Jean Paul, "I held a beloved being upon my heart and lips. I have nothing further to say, but that it was the one pearl of a minute, that was

*The one
pearl of a
minute.*

never repeated ; a whole longing past and a dreaming future were united in a moment, and in the darkness behind my closed eyes the fire-works of a whole life were evolved in a glance. Ah, I have never forgotten it — the ineffaceable moment ! ”

Madame Roland, at sixteen, is described as most fascinating in mind and person. Many suitors began to appear, one after another, but she manifested no interest in any of them.

The customs of society in France were such at that time, that it was difficult for any one who sought the hand of the young lady to obtain an introduction to her. Consequently the expedient was usually adopted of writing first to her parents. These letters were always immediately shown to her. She judged of the character of the writer by the character of the epistles. Her father, knowing her intellectual superiority, looked to her as his secretary to reply to all these letters. She consequently wrote the answers, which her father carefully copied and sent in his own name. She was often amused with the gravity with which she, as the father of herself, with parental prudence, discussed her own interests. In subsequent years she wrote to kings and to cabinets in the name of her husband ;

*Madame
Roland.*

*Her father's
secretary in
delicate mat-
ters.*

*Guided the
councils of
nations.*

*Lamar-
tine's pas-
sionate love-
story.*

Disillusion.

and the sentiments which flowed from her pen, adopted by the ministry of France as their own, guided the councils of nations. Beauty is in the eye of the gazer, and is beauty still, however you disguise it. The Duc de Richelieu had a portrait gallery of contemporary beauties, each attired in the costume of a nun. The magic of the tender passion ! Raphael, in Lamartine's passionate love-story, regarded his Julie as one of those delusions of fancy, one of those women above mortal height, like Tasso's Eleonora, Dante's Beatrice, Petrarch's Laura, or Vittoria Colonna, the lover, the poet, and the heroine at once ; forms that flit across the earth, scarcely touching it, and without tarrying, only to fascinate the eyes of some men, the privileged few of love, to lead on their souls to immortal aspirations, and to be the sursum corda of superior imaginations. But the disillusion, after being wrought up by the dazzling contemplation ! An old book of English legal reminiscences tells us that on the Norfolk circuit the famous Jack Lee was retained for the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage : when the brief was brought him, he asked whether the lady for whose injury he was to seek redress was good-looking.

“Very handsome, indeed, sir,” was the assurance of Helen’s attorney. “Then, sir,” replied Lee, “I beg you to request her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen.” The attorney promised compliance; and the lady, in accordance with Lee’s wishes, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on the “abominable cruelty” which had been practiced towards “the lovely and confiding female” before them, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enchanted the jury, by observing that his learned friend in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff had not mentioned the fact — that the lady had a wooden leg! The court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee, who was ignorant of this circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant. “Ah, poor Pen!” exclaims Thackeray, when Pen was no longer in love with the Fotheringay, “the delusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams to dismal

Lee's request.

Eloquence.

The court convulsed.

waking." Though, happen what may, we will recur to the good times ago, and console ourselves in the philosophic manner of the same great master: "I am," he says, "tranquil: I am quiet: I have passed the hot stage: and I do not know a pleasanter and calmer feeling of mind than that of a respectable person of the middle age, who can still be heartily and generously fond of all the women about whom he was in a passion and a fever in early life. If you cease liking a woman when you cease loving her, depend on it, that one of you is a bad one. You are parted, never mind with what pangs on either side, or by what circumstances of fate, choice, or necessity, — you have no money or she has too much, or she likes somebody else better, and so forth; but an honest Foggy should always, unless reason be given to the contrary, think well of the woman whom he has once thought well of, and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has been very happy." But the dance at the house opposite. The movement seems to me too rapid. There is not enough of repose, so to speak, in the modern dancing. I should like once more to see a minuet, in the old-time style.

*Thackeray's
philosophy.*

*Old sweet-
hearts.*

*Should al-
ways think
well of them.*

The minuet was the dance of kings, the poetry of the courtly salon. George Washington was at home in the stately movement, and he has been pronounced "the most decorous and respectable person that ever went ceremoniously through the realities of life." Hawthorne imagined he was born with his clothes on, and his hair powdered, and made a stately bow on his first appearance in the world. I should like to set down the circumstance of Gouverneur Morris's rebuff, upon approaching familiarly the great American idol — related so interestingly by an early annalist ; but my hand is weary with too much writing. The doctor will scold. I can only refer to the contrast of the ancient, reposeful minuet, with the unceremonious, rapid, familiar waltz of the moderns, and quote some piquant lines, inclosed by Sir Thomas Lawrence to Lord Mountjoy : —

The dance of kings.

The American idol.

ON WALTZING.

On waltzing.

"What ! the girl I adore by another embraced !
 What ! the balm of her breath shall another man taste !
 What ! pressed in the whirl by another's bold knee !
 What ! panting, recline on another than me !
 Sir, she's yours. You have brushed from the grape its
 soft blue ;
 From the rosebud you've shaken its tremulous dew :
 What you've touched you may take — pretty waltzer
 adieu !"

Books.

My books ! What would my life be without them ? They are my meat and my drink. They employ my mind and lift me out of myself. In hours of mental exaltation I forget my miserable body. I have a book for every mood and every condition.

Plato.

When my mind is strongest and clearest and freest, I range the upper fields of philosophy with Plato ; when I am most inclined to pure reason, I listen to brave Socrates ; when I am in temper for observation, I read Æsop ; when I want to realize the power of light over darkness, I tread the dawn with Epictetus ; when I want to breathe the atmosphere of the Cæsars, I follow Suetonius ; then I walk with Cicero and his nomenclator in the streets of the Eternal City, and study the arts of the Roman politician ; of moral exaltation, I find a rare example in the heathen emperor Marcus Antoninus ; gods, and demi-

Marcus Antoninus.

gods, and heroes fight for me in Homer ; if I want to sup with horrors, I sit down in terror with Æschylus, witnessing the ghost of Clytemnestra rushing into Apollo's temple, and rousing the sleeping Furies ; if I want a refreshing ride in the chariot of the sun, I take a seat with Phaëton, in Ovid ; at will, I range paradise with Mil-

ton, and explore perdition with Dante ; when I hunger for the world, and want to see every type of man and woman perfectly represented, I read Shakespeare ; *Shakespeare.* when I want to study human nature, I take Don Quixote, Pilgrim's Progress, and Faust ; to feel the inspiration of freedom, I scale the heights and storm the fastnesses with Schiller ; I gossip with wise old Montaigne ; think with Pascal ; moralize with Sir Thomas Browne ; quote and comment with Burton ; rummage with Disraeli ; laugh with Rabelais ; enjoy the suggestive experiences of Gil Blas ; am always amused and entertained with Tristram Shandy ; Tom Jones — who could ever tire of it ? or of Humphry Clinker ? or of Roderick Random ? or Swift's Gulliver ? though I am terrified sometimes with its pitiless wisdom ; I go a-fishing with Izaak, and participate (the slightest) his meekness and sweet contentment ; *Izaak Walton.* I listen to sermons from Bourdaloue, and Bossuet, and Massillon, and Barrow, and South, and Chalmers, and Wesley, and Hall ; I take down Foster when I want to read a little and think more of times gone by and difficulties overcome ; then I philosophize with Souvestre in his Attic ; then enjoy the caustic

*Dickens.**Burns.**Lamb.**Holmes.*

wit and keen satire of Thackeray, and contemplate his immortal creations ; then the humanities of Dickens quicken me to tears, and a long procession of the creatures of his teeming brain move before me ; Sir Walter, too, who is history enough for me now ; and Burns — the one immortal bard of humanity — to be cherished and sung while man is man, ever and ever ; and philosophic Wordsworth ; and poetic Shelley and Keats ; and the moral and wise Sam Johnson ; and the gentle and exquisite Goldsmith ; and the storming Carlyle, — mighty hater and smiter of cant and shams ; then I discourse with Coleridge ; pun and turn over rare old books with gentle Elia ; luxuriate with abounding Macaulay ; dream with De Quincey ; expatiate with Hazlitt and Hunt ; then to the Brontés — Charlotte especially ; then to Miss Austen — so healthy, serene, and pure ; then to something more thoughtful again — to Emerson, the reflective, the wise, the exalted — fit society for Plato in the empyrean ; then to Hawthorne — dissector, interpenetrator of hearts and lives ; to scholarly, witty, shrewd Lowell — critic, poet, ambassador ; to Holmes — so acute, humorous, suggestive, and philosophical in

the Autocrat and Elsie — altogether unique in literature ; and when a taste for something light, and finished, and exquisite, seizes me, I read the *Reveries*, and *Prue* and *I* ; and so I go on and on, feasting with the worthies, and banqueting with the celestials, as inclination or whim pleases me — a precious book, as I said, for every mood and every condition.

Books ! books ! It was estimated, some years ago, that ten million volumes, first and last, had been published since the art of printing was discovered — with an average edition of three hundred — aggregating three thousand million volumes ! Yet tradition in Cambridge has recorded that Bentley said he desired and thought himself likely to live to fourscore, an age long enough, he thought, to read everything which was worth reading. But single books, and little ones — what influence they have exerted ! Elizabeth Wallbridge, *The Dairyman's Daughter*, is known to every tract distributor in the world. The tract containing the story of her life has been translated into nineteen languages, and has had a circulation of four million copies. The circulation of *Uncle Tom's*

*Books !
books !*

*The Dairy-
man's
Daughter.*

Cabin has been even more remarkable. And Thomas à Kempis's Imitation — think of the influence of that. Leigh Hunt, in his Autobiography, speaks of a riot at Lyons about an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., meant to overawe the city with Bourbon memories. We met, he says, the statue on the road. I had bought in that city a volume of the songs of Béranger, and I thought to myself, as I met the statue, "I have a little book in my pocket which will not suffer you to last long." And surely enough, down it went: for down went King Charles. Books, thought Mrs. Barbauld, are a kind of perpetual censors on men and manners; they judge without partiality, and reprove without fear or affection. There are times when the flame of virtue and liberty seems almost to be extinguished amongst the existing generation; but their animated pages are always at hand to rekindle it. The despot trembles on his throne, and the bold, bad man turns pale in his closet at the sentence pronounced against him ages before he was born. Happily, the best books are the commonest, and are always in use. Erskine used to say that in addressing juries he had found there were

Béranger.

*Animated
pages.*

three books, and only three, which he could always quote with effect, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible. Milton's favorite volumes were Homer, Ovid, and Euripides ; Dante's was Virgil ; Schiller's was Shakespeare ; Gray's was Spenser ; Goethe's was Spinoza's Ethics ; Bunyan's was the old legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. The two books which most impressed John Wesley, when young, were the Imitation of Christ, and Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. De Quincey's favorite few were Donne, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, South, Barrow, and Sir Thomas Browne. Napoleon never wearied of reading Ossian and the Sorrows of Werther. Miss Austen's novels were favorites with Macaulay ; he enjoyed them especially for their serenity. Thackeray was particularly fond of Humphry Clinker ; he believed it to be "the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began." Douglas Jerrold had an almost reverential fondness for books — books themselves — and said he could not bear to treat them, or to see them treated, with disrespect. It always gave him pain to see them turned on their faces, stretched open, or dog's eared, or carelessly flung

Poets' favorites.

Wesley's preference.

Humphry Clinker.

Delicious inebriation.

Pope to Spence.

Dante absorbed.

Zeal for classic authors.

down, or in any way misused. Bayle, it is known, gave up every sort of recreation, except that delicious inebriation of his faculties which he drew from his books. If the riches of both Indies, said Fénelon; if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love for reading, I would spurn them all. At this day, said Pope to Spence, as much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading than in the most agreeable conversation. There is a story that Dante, having gone one day to the house of a bookseller, from one of whose windows he was to be a spectator of a public show exhibited in the square below, by chance took up a book, in which he soon got so absorbed that on returning home, after the spectacle was over, he solemnly declared that he had neither seen nor heard anything whatever of all that had taken place before his eyes. Scott, in Waverley, describes the Baron of Bradwardine as a scholar, according to the scholarship of Scotchmen; that is, his learning was more diffuse than accurate, and he was rather a reader than a grammarian. Of his zeal for the classic authors he is said to have given

an unconscious instance. On the road between Preston and London he made his escape from his guards ; but being afterwards found loitering near the place where they had lodged the former night, he was recognized and again arrested. His companions, and even his escort, were surprised at his infatuation, and could not help inquiring why, being once at liberty, he had not made the best of his way to a place of safety ; to which he replied, that he had intended to do so, but, in good faith, he had returned to seek his Titus Livius, which he had forgot in the hurry of his escape. Plato's cave, in which he supposes a man to be shut up all his life with his back to the light, and to see nothing of the figures of men or other objects that pass by but their shadows on the opposite wall of his cell, so that when he is let out and sees the real figures he is only dazzled and confounded by them, seemed to Hazlitt an ingenious satire on the life of a bookworm. I confess to the Frenchman's hatred of a dirty book. It is in truth an error to suppose that the dirt on the cover and pages of a book is a sign of its studious employment. Those who use books to most purpose handle them with

An unconscious instance.

Plato's cave.

Satire on the life of a bookworm.

*Book-bor-
rowing.*

loving care. And as to persistent book-borrowing, book-owners can hardly trust themselves to speak of it. Its commonness does not excuse the offense. It is said that Lord Eldon, when chancellor, greatly augmented his library by borrowing books quoted at the bar; and forgetting to return them, he would say of such borrowers, "Though backward in accounting, they were well-practiced in book-keeping." But deliberate book-thieving — what

*Book-thiev-
ing.*

crime is there to compare with it in the estimation of the student and librarian? In Chambers' Journal there is an account of a memorable literary virtuoso who piqued himself upon his collection of scarce editions and original manuscripts, most of which he had purloined from the libraries of others. He was always borrowing books of acquaintances with a resolution never to return them; sending in a great hurry for a particular edition which he wanted to

Subterfuges.

consult for a moment, but when its return was solicited he was not at home; or he had lent the book to somebody else; or he could not lay his hand upon it just then; or he had lost it; or he had himself already delivered it to the owner. Sometimes he contented himself with stealing

one volume of a set, knowing where to procure the rest for a trifle. After his death his library was sold at auction, and many of his defrauded friends had the pleasure of buying their own property back again at an exorbitant price. Reading lately of book-titles, I was amused with a statement of how misleading many of them have been. The *Diversions of Purley*, at the time of its publication, was ordered by a village book-club, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games. The *Essay on Irish Bulls* was another work which was thought by some folks to deal with live stock. The *Ancient Mariner* was sold largely to sea-faring men, who concluded from the name that it had some relation to nautical matters. The *Excursion* — expensive copies of it — were sold to tourists and to keepers of country inns and boarding-houses, as likely to be of especial interest to excursionists. James Smith used to dwell with much pleasure on the criticism of a Leicestershire clergyman: "I do not see why they (the *Addresses*) should have been rejected: I think some of them very good." This, he would add, is almost as good as the avowal of the Irish bishop, that there were some good

*Buying their
own prop-
erty back.*

*Diversions
of Purley.*

*The Excur-
sion.*

*Rejected Ad-
dresses.*

Tocqueville's preference.

Sterne's tribute.

How to read?

things in Gulliver's Travels which he could not believe. Tocqueville preferred living with books to living with authors. One is not always happy with the latter ; while books are intelligent companions, without vanity, ill-humor, or caprice ; they do not want to talk of themselves, do not dislike to hear others praised ; clever people whom one can summon and dismiss just as one pleases. I often derive a peculiar satisfaction, says Sterne, in conversing with the ancient and modern dead, who yet live and speak excellently in their works. My neighbors think me often alone, and yet at such times I am in company with more than five hundred mutes — each of whom, at my pleasure, communicates his ideas to me by dumb signs, quite as intelligibly as any person living can do by the uttering of words. They always keep the distance from me which I direct, and with a motion of my hand I can bring them as near to me as I please. I lay hands on fifty of them sometimes in an evening, and handle them as I like ; they never complain of ill-usage ; and when dismissed from my presence, though ever so abruptly, take no offense. How to read ? is a grave question to readers. Goethe

said he had been employed for eighteen years trying to learn the art, and had not attained it. Richter, speaking of miscellaneous reading, inquires, quaintly, "Does more depend on the order in which the meats follow each other or on the digestion of them?" In 1731, Atterbury wrote his last letter to Pope, and asks, "How many books have come out of late in your parts which you think I should be glad to peruse? Name them. The catalogue, I believe, will not cost you much trouble. They must be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have so little of it left. I, who squandered whole days heretofore, now husband hours when the glass begins to run low, and care not to spend them on trifles. At the end of the lottery of life our last minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in their valuation." "Marvelous power of mind!" exclaims Souvestre, reflecting on the value of books in old age. "From a corner of my chamber — from the arm-chair which I occupy — I can traverse the immense abysses of the past. I am present at the foundation of cities, the birth and growth of empires; I accompany various races as they wander over the earth, establish them-

Atterbury to Pope.

An exclamation of Souvestre.

*Takes note
of human-
ity.*

selves, and found nations ; I take note of that perpetual movement of humanity, as it seeks its level on the globe which has been given to it for an inheritance. Or, fatigued with these generalities, I repose in the tent of the patriarch Abraham, or beneath the oak of St. Louis. From the tribune of Cicero I pass to the pulpit of Bossuet ; distances are nothing to me ; I traverse them by an instantaneous bound, whether those of space or time. From the east I hasten to the west, from the early days of the world I pass on to the hour which has just struck ; wherever an attractive spectacle summons me, I am there in spirit ; or a noble action or an elevated conversation invites me, I am present to applaud or take part. Magnificent empire of memory ! vast power and inexhaustible activity of thought ! I cease to be troubled now at my solitude and forced inaction."

*Distances
nothing.*

*Magnificent
empire of
memory !*

*A strange
dream, or
vision.*

I had a strange dream last night — or vision rather. I record it as a curious freak or exercise of the faculties. The doctor must have put a little too much opium in his last powders. Methought my pretty round table in the library was enlarged to many times its real size. I was

contemplating its polished surface, and wondering if any wood could be richer and more beautiful than our American black walnut, when a pill-box made its appearance on the table, — rolling about in an erratic way — describing all sorts of circles and semicircles, in the easiest and most eccentric manner possible. It was a diminutive thing — the tiniest of the kind I had ever seen — not greater in diameter than the smallest thimble. It was so small indeed that a close eye was necessary to observe its movements. Soon, another pill-box, a size larger, presented itself, and the two immediately began chasing each other in a very amusing manner — sometimes in straight lines and sometimes in graceful curves. Then another pill-box, a size bigger than the last, made its appearance, and joined with the others in freakish gambols. A fourth next showed itself — still a little larger than the third — in a still more rollicking humor than any of the rest, and it became very difficult indeed to watch them, so rapid and peculiar were their movements. Then another and another, each one a little bigger, till the table was pretty well filled with animated pill-boxes. There must have been as many as forty or fifty

*A pill-box
made its ap-
pearance.*

*The tiniest
of its kind.*

Still larger.

*Of every
size and
variety.*

*A study for
the archæol-
ogist.*

*Every fig-
ure in geom-
etry.*

*Gibbon's
snuff-box.*

of them, — of every size and variety, from the minute smallest to that of greatest proportions. No apothecary ever saw a greater array and intermixture. And each was marked with a cabalistic label, such as I had seen many a time in the handwriting of the numerous forgotten doctors my multiplied diseases have baffled. The mysterious characters inscribed on each would have been an interesting study to the archæologist. I wish I had a memorandum of them. The gravest of all my doctors would have laughed at their queerness, their variety, and their multiplicity. Away they all ran — the whole forty or fifty — in infinite variation — describing, it seemed to me, every known figure in geometry, — distinct and in combination. Sometimes I thought their movements described the orbits of the solar system better than any planetarium I had seen. Then in a long curved line they ranged themselves, — the first in the procession being the tiniest, and the last the most gigantic — as big as Gibbon's snuff-box that he tapped so gracefully, and a pinch from which he always let fall at just the right moment to emphasize his story. In that long serpentine line how they did crawl about ; then wrig-

gled and twisted into all sorts of contortions and convolutions; then stretched themselves into something like order again.

Their speed was interesting — their revolutions, I mean. The big ones had stately

Their revolutions.

movements, like the great wheels of great engines. There was an expression of

power in their slowness, and of apparent contempt for the little bustling fellows

that had to be constantly hurrying to keep up. Then they were all mixed up — the

little ones and the big ones together. They were so involved that I could not

Big and little together.

tell one from another; and the wonder was that there was no collision. Then

they went leaping and leaping, till it appeared there must be a universal smash.

I trembled for the consequences. Then the tops or coverings came off, and mingled

miscellaneously with the other parts, showing fresh vigor in the chase, as so many

fresh foxes. The boxes that had contained so many incompatibles fused together in

Incompatibles together

close companionship. The opium was not at all disgusted with the lobelia. The jalap

and the pleasantest of all soothing remedies affiliated, as if they had been friends

since Galen. Then they ranged themselves again into long serpentine lines —

*Playing at
leap-frog.*

the boxes and the lids separate. After alternate slow and rapid movements, they began playing at leap-frog — the smallest being vaulted by the next in size, until the whole lines were changed — the most diminutive bringing up the rear, and the largest leading the column. And so they went on with their varied and indescribable gyrations and convolutions; when, suddenly leaping into one another, they nested themselves snugly together; then as quickly and mysteriously disappeared, and the remarkable scene was ended. No Roman emperor in the Flavian amphitheatre was ever better entertained. I call it *The Dance of the Pill-Boxes*.

*Dance of
the Pill-
Boxes.*

*Talks of
books exclu-
sively.*

By appointment, the doctor spent a couple of hours with me last night in my library. I had anticipated his visit in every way that I could, and was glad to see him. The place was cheerfully illuminated, and the wine was the best that my cellar afforded. I was pleased to see that he was disposed to be attentive and receptive, as my purpose was to talk to him of books exclusively, with a view to enlightening him as to some of the best, and to show him what a comparatively small sum

of money would put him in possession of them. For, time and again, he has lamented to me his lack of intelligence on the subject, as well as of the requisite cash to buy, even though he knew what books he should purchase. To convince him that a good proportion of the famous books that have been produced could be put into a small space, and that not a very large amount of money would be necessary to purchase them, I caused two hundred or more volumes to be placed together in one case with seven shelves, each of four feet in length, that he might be convinced by seeing, as well as by my didactic instruction. To have the whole before us as a sort of object-lesson, our easy chairs were so placed that we could view the collection to the best advantage. The first shelf (the lowest) was just filled with the Bible, in four volumes (Samuel Bagster & Sons, London); Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; Anthon's Classical Dictionary; and Appleton's Cyclopædia, 16 volumes; (22 volumes in all). The second shelf was filled with octavos (some of them of two and more volumes) of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Homer, Dante, Virgil, Faust, Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Liter-

*To convince
the doctor.*

*Contents of
one case.*

*The first
shelf.*

*The second
shelf.*

Good editions.

A beautiful edition of Montaigne.

Hawthorne's masterpiece.

ature (London and Edinburgh); and Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song. These are all good editions, well printed, and appropriately (as I said) in octavo. The other five shelves contained the following, — named in the order in which the books happened to be placed, and not according to preference. They are in crown octavo, 12mo, and 16mo — a very few of the latter — only such as could not be conveniently purchased of a larger size. Plato's Republic and Phædo, 2 volumes (from Bohn's Standard Library). Emerson's Prose Works, 2 volumes. Montaigne's Essays, 4 volumes (the beautiful Riverside edition — exquisite letter-press — the proof-sheets of the perfect pages having been read by Mr. H. O. Houghton himself, long before he attained the head of the publishing house of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company). Swift's Works, 6 volumes. Goldsmith's works, 4 volumes. Seneca's Morals (London, 1702). Carlyle's Essays, Sartor Resartus, and French Revolution, 6 volumes. Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter (his masterpiece). Holmes's Autocrat, and Elsie Venner, 2 volumes (the cream of his genius.) Curtis's Prue and I (a little volume of exquisite sketches). Uncle Tom's

Cabin. Souvestre's Attic Philosopher, and Leaves from a Family Journal, 2 volumes (suited to serene moods). De Quincey's Opium Eater. Sydney Smith (a volume of selections, including the Peter Plymley Letters). Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianæ *One volume made up from five.* (a volume made up from the five original volumes, containing most that is best and of general interest). Miss Austen's Pride and Prejudice. Arabian Nights. Lamb's Essays, and Talfourd's Life and Letters, 3 volumes. Pascal's Thoughts. Epictetus (a beautiful edition, Little, Brown & Company). La Rochefoucauld's Maxims (William Gowans, Nassau Street, — that interesting biblioplist, known to so many book-lovers: I could gossip about him for an hour). Irving's Sketch-Book, Knickerbocker's History of New York, and Life of Goldsmith, 3 volumes (his complete works would fill a whole shelf). Foster's Essays. Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre. Mill on Liberty. Gil Blas. Burns (with marginal glossary, John S. Marr & Sons, Glasgow, — the most convenient edition of Burns for English readers that I know). *A convenient edition of Burns.* Godwin's Caleb Williams. Junius's Letters. Crabb Robinson's Diary. Tragedies of Æschylus. Butler's Hudibras. Bun-

Landor reduced

Books that have flavor.

Dickens's masterpieces.

yan's Pilgrim's Progress. Cicero's Offices, etc. (a single volume from Bohn's). Holbein's Dance of Death. Macaulay's Essays, 6 volumes. Dana's Two Years Before the Mast. Darwin's Voyage. Selections from Savage Landor, by Hillard. (A rich little book.) Boswell's Johnson, 4 volumes. Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 3 volumes. (It would not do to be without Burton.) Reveries of a Bachelor. (This is another of those little books that have flavor, and must live.) Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature, 4 volumes. Sir Thomas Browne (Religio Medici, A Letter to a Friend, Christian Morals, and Urn Burial, in one attractive volume, imprint, Ticknor & Fields). Fénelon (a selection from his writings, Munroe & Company, Boston and Cambridge). Robinson Crusoe. Wilhelm Meister. Dickens's Pickwick Papers, David Copperfield, and Tale of Two Cities, 3 volumes. (His humor, his pathos, and his power are best displayed in these three masterpieces.) Letters of Madame de Sévigné. Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Rasselas. Walton's Angler. White's History of Selborne. Thoreau's Walden. Charles O'Malley. Of the Imitation of Christ. Fielding's Tom Jones

and Humphry Clinker, 2 volumes. Picciola. Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying, 2 volumes. Book of Scottish Songs (a volume of the Illustrated London Library, — an admirable collection, and a beautiful book). Thomas Fuller's Holy and Profane States, and Good Thoughts in Bad Times, 2 volumes (selections from the works of the old worthy). Confucius, and the Chinese Classics. Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects (the volume containing the article on the Book of Job). Vanity Fair and The Newcomes. Cooper's Spy. Balzac's Petty Annoyances of Married Life (one of the most amusing and acute books in literature, whatever may be thought of its tone and spirit). Rabelais. Ecce Homo. (Why has the Professor never published the promised companion volume?) Spence's Anecdotes. Vathek. Lewis's Monk (a queer, crazy old copy, printed on different fonts of type, and containing pictures of the veritable devils). Selten's Table Talk. Johnson's Lives of the English Poets, 2 volumes (to get the Life of Savage : why don't some publisher print it separately?) Aristotle's Ethics. Luther's Table Talk. Hazlitt's Round Table volume (containing Conversations of North

*A good book
of Scottish
songs.*

*Froude's ar-
ticle on the
Book of Job.*

*A suggestion
to publishers.*

*A beautiful
edition of the
Spectator.*

*Blowing the
dust off vel-
lum.*

*The story
of Barny
O'Reirdon.*

cote). Life of John Brown of Ossawat-
tomie. Montesquieu, 4 volumes. Don
Quixote. Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.
Kinglake's Eöthen. Jerrold's Mrs. Cau-
dle's Curtain Lectures, and Chronicles of
Clovernook, 2 volumes. Evelyn's Diary.
Pepys' Diary. The Spectator, 8 volumes
(a beautiful edition, Little, Brown & Com-
pany). Southey's Wesley, Nelson, and The
Doctor, 3 volumes. Machiavelli's Prince.
Plutarch's Lives, 4 volumes. Plutarch's
Morals, 4 volumes. Meditations of the
Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (Lon-
don, 1708). La Bruyère's Characters (Lon-
don, 1702). Erasmus's Praise of Folly,
and Colloquies, 2 volumes (London, 1711.
These authors should be read in old edi-
tions. It is like blowing dust off vellum).
Coleridge's Table Talk. Sir Thomas More's
Utopia. (How the figments of his imagi-
nation have been realized in the later life
of the race! Original thinking seems like
commonplace.) Scott's Old Mortality,
Ivanhoe, and Guy Mannering. (These
three embody the magician's genius, and
save space and money.) Bulwer's My
Novel. Reynard the Fox. Lover's Le-
gends and Stories of Ireland (to get the
story of Barny O'Reirdon). Joubert's

Thoughts. Parton's Voltaire, 2 volumes. Manzoni's Betrothed Lovers. John Woolman's Journal. Paul and Virginia ("the swan-song of old dying France"). Alger's Oriental Poetry. Sterne's Works, 4 volumes. Mandeville's Fable of the Bees, 2 volumes. (A work that is destined, as Swift would say, to "go down the gutter of time," for its boldness and originality, notwithstanding its burning by the Middlesex grand jury.) And lastly (deserving to be mentioned amongst the first) Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates. In all, something like 220 volumes. As to cost, I once saw a rich Californian pay as much for sets of Irving and Cooper in tree calf as would have bought the whole collection, including a respectable case to put it in. My friend the doctor wears a stone in his shirt-front, which makes him ridiculous with sensible people, and excites the cupidity of every ruffian that meets him, that would buy the whole precious collection twice over. I believe I shall call it My Grindstone Library. What mind would not be sharpened by consulting it? And where, pray, would one begin to weed? I think I shall have an artisan inscribe the significant name at the top, just under the

*The last, but
one of the
best.*

*"My Grind-
stone Li-
brary."*

moulding. It is not likely that many applications will be made to borrow from it.

*A Quaker of
the Wool-
man type.*

One of my best friends is an old-time Quaker, of the John Woolman type, which is rapidly disappearing. He is an excellent man, and a call from him always refreshes me. He carries an atmosphere of peace and good-will with him. He is an honest man. He is what he seems to be, and seems to be what he is. No wonder that such men, under the leadership of George

George Fox.

Fox, should have disturbed the complacency of conformists in England. Macaulay describes the tempest of derision the sturdy shoemaker raised by declaring that it was a violation of Christian sincerity to designate a single person by a plural pronoun, and that it was an idolatrous homage to Janus and Woden to talk about January and Wednesday. Teufelsdröckh, in Sartor, pronounces the most remarkable incident in modern history, not the Diet of Worms, still less the battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle, but George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather. "Sitting in his stall ; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rub-

*Making to
himself a
suit of
leather.*

bish, this man had nevertheless a living spirit belonging to him." It is very evident that Macaulay had anything but a warm side for the sect that by its zeal and directness and courage had done so much toward turning all that had been considered established upside down. Southey, too, never let an opportunity pass without hitting the revolutionary peace sect a blow. And Coleridge—how merciless!—as exhibited in a passage in his *Table Talk*. He is speaking of modern Quakerism, be it remembered—unlike the original type, exemplified by my worthy and amiable friend. "Modern Quakerism," he says, "is like one of those gigantic trees which are seen in the forests of North America—apparently flourishing, and preserving all its greatest stretch and spread of branches; but when you cut through an enormously thick and gnarled bark, you find the whole inside hollow and rotten. Modern Quakerism, like such a tree, stands upright by help of its inveterate bark alone. Bark a Quaker, and he is a poor creature." One of the most distinguished ministers of the Society of Friends in America at an early day thought it necessary, when speaking in his *Journal* of a morning walk outside Geneva (where he

*Macaulay.**Coleridge
quoted.**Very curious.*

Asceticism.

"The outward tabernacle."

A short sermon.

was tarrying in the interest of his society), to apologize for taking a look at Geneva Lake and the mountains. "I walked," he says, "out of the city (Geneva) and viewed the Alps and the lake ; this I did for the sake of the walk." The peculiar style of the sect — more in vogue a few years ago than now — is shown in the letter — pronounced to be authentic : "Friend John : I desire thee to be so kind as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called an attorney, and let him take out an instrument, with a seal fixed thereto ; by means whereof we may seize the outward tabernacle of George Green, and bring him before the lambskin men at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by : and so I rest thy friend in the light. M. G." Their sermons, too, were sometimes very peculiar and concise, though their meetings were apt to be silent. On one occasion, when a large audience was assembled, the only words spoken were by a lady — very deliberately : "Help yourselves, and your friends will like you the better." I have heard my mother say that she once went several miles, on horseback with her two boys, to a Quaker meeting in the woods, and that the remarkable sermon preached at

the time (by a lady too) had made such an impression upon her that she could never forget it. It also was delivered in a very measured, deliberate manner, and did not disturb in the least the stillness, serenity, and solemnity of the meeting: "Beware of puffedupness!" Its brevity and conciseness made it memorable; and my mother often repeated it with effect when her half-dozen self-conceited boys were most intolerable. The early hostility of the sect to music was a part of their religion, and was very decided. When Jenny Lind appeared in a Western city in 1851, and a limited number of the society in a neighboring town had announced their intention of hearing the "Nightingale," the conscientious "head of the meeting" "felt a concern" to arise in fourth day (Wednesday) meeting and admonish his hearers that there was a "foreign girl named Jane Lynde trapesing up and down the land whose voice was said to provoke the birds to sing, and he would warn especially the young of the meeting to beware the wiles of all such worldly persons." One John M., a Friend of like strictness, was shocked to learn that his son-in-law, Jonathan T., who kept a country store in a village some miles away, was selling musical

Another still shorter.

Jenny Lind.

Provoking the birds to sing.

*Breaking
up a sinful
traffic.*

instruments. The venerable good man, after a night of prayers and tears, determined to visit his son-in-law, and break up the sinful traffic. Arriving in front of his son-in-law's store, he called him into the street — refusing peremptorily to go in, till the object of his visit was accomplished. "Jonathan!" sternly spake John, "I hear thee keeps musical instruments for sale; does thee?" "A few; but" — The zealous John — interrupting — demanded that they be produced at once, to be destroyed — promising to refund whatever they had cost. They were accordingly brought out, and in the presence of the interested crowd in the street—with the manner of a prophet of Israel destroying the images of Baal — he proceeded violently to tear out their tongues. They were jews-harps!

*With the
manner of a
prophet of
Israel.*

*Landseer's
resemblance
to a dog.*

It is recorded that some one at a dinner-table in England remarked that Landseer must have been once a dog himself, as he could see his resemblance to one; remarking at the same time upon the distinguished painter's arrogant manner, love of contradiction, and despotic judgment. I have myself remarked the resemblance referred to in some of the portraits of the great

man ; and thought how natural that he should have painted his canine friends so perfectly. Charles Darwin's resemblance to a monkey is certainly very marked : one engraving I have seen of him makes him the very image of a well-known species of ape. His long and peculiar investigations may have had the effect to develop the likeness in him, latent perhaps in us all. For three generations we know that the Darwins were engaged in much the same line of study. Erasmus, the grandfather of Charles, must have been deep in "species" questions, for he had inscribed upon a seal which he used the significant words, "omnia ex conchis" — all from oysters. Perhaps there never existed a more honest investigator than Charles Darwin, and it is impossible to estimate the effect of his investigations upon society and thought. The new civilization of Japan seems to a great extent to have accepted his conclusions and teachings, along with those of kindred contemporary scientists and philosophers ; and it is said that many of the most enlightened of that strange people are interested in them above everything else — even above Christianity itself. Whatever men may think of Darwin's

*Darwin's
likeness to a
monkey.*

*"All from
oysters."*

A remarkable instance of candor.

facts and philosophy, they must admire his industry, his enthusiasm, and, above all, his candor. He even went so far as to make a list of thirty-four authors and works in which he finds his theory of evolution more or less distinctly foreshadowed. As to his conclusions, always so guardedly expressed, what close observer has not time and again been led to suspect the possible truth of them? Once I took an intelligent monkey by the hand (extended to me at the request of the keeper), and looking him in the face, I found it impossible to repress a certain feeling of brotherhood.

A feeling of brotherhood.

Its little palm felt like the shriveled hand of an infant, and its eyes had a look of comprehension and affinity. I shall never forget the sensation that came over me on the occasion. Important events, a hundred of them, have occurred to me since that time, and been forgotten, but that leave-taking with the poor performing man-animal is as fresh as any event of yesterday.

Hawthorne in his note-book.

Hawthorne, after observing a sick monkey in the Zoölogical Gardens in London, went home and wrote in his note-book, "In a future state of being, I think it will be one of my inquiries, in reference to the mysteries of the present state, why monkeys

were made. The Creator could not surely have meant to ridicule his own work. It might rather be fancied that Satan had perpetrated monkeys, with a malicious purpose of parodying the masterpiece of creation." Swift must have been struck in some such way, or we should not have had the remarkable passage in *Gulliver*, relating to the conduct of the gigantic monkey in Brobdingnag—as big as an elephant—which seized the famous traveler in his bed-room, and carried him to the top of an out-house, sixty feet high, where the monster was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of the building, holding *Gulliver* like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding him with the other, by cramming into his mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting him when he would not eat. Wilkie Collins must have been impressed with the apparent close relationship existing between man and monkey or he could never have had his hero, Count Fosco (a great creation), do as he did with the organ-grinder in the story. Fosco stopped at a pastry-cook's, went in (probably to give an order), and came out immediately with a tart in his

*Swift in
Gulliver.*

*Gulliver in
one of the
monkey's
fore-paws.*

Count Fosco

*The count's
preference.*

Voltaire.

*The king's
monkey.*

hand. An Italian was grinding an organ before the shop, and a miserable little shriveled monkey was sitting on the instrument. The count stopped, bit a piece for himself out of the tart, and gravely handed the rest to the monkey. "My poor little man!" he said, with grotesque tenderness, "you look hungry. In the sacred name of humanity, I offer you some lunch!" The organ-grinder piteously put in his claim to a penny from the benevolent stranger. The count shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and passed on. When Frederick the Great made short excursions he was in the habit of carrying Voltaire with him. In one of these Voltaire was alone in a post-chaise which followed the king's carriage. A young page, whom Voltaire had some days previous caused to be severely scolded, resolved to have revenge; accordingly, when he went before to cause the horses to be prepared, he told all the postmasters and postillions that the king had an old monkey, of which he was so fond, that he delighted in dressing him up like a person belonging to the court, and that he always made this animal accompany him in his little excursions; that the monkey cared for no one but the

king, and was extremely mischievous ; and that, therefore, if he attempted to get out of the chaise, they were to prevent him.

After receiving this notice, all the servants of the different post-houses, whenever Voltaire attempted to get out of the carriage, opposed his exit, and when he thrust out his hand to open the carriage-door, he always received two or three sharp blows with a stick upon it, accompanied with shouts of laughter. Voltaire, who did not understand a word of German, could

How the servants abused him.

not demand the least explanation of these singular proceedings ; his fury became extreme, but it only served to redouble the gayety of the postmasters ; and a large crowd constantly assembled in consequence of the page's report, to see the king's monkey, and to hoot him. Throughout the journey, things passed off in this fashion ; but what completed the anger and vexation of Voltaire was, that the king thought the trick so pleasant, that he refused to punish the inventor of it. This

No explanation.

story is set down in Madame de Genlis' Memoirs. Monkeys form an article of food throughout tropical America, and the difference between feeding upon them and man-eating, to the susceptible traveler, is

Monkeys as food.

*The tail the
most delicate
part.*

*Painfully
human.*

*A household
pet.*

not very apparent. The meat is tough, and keeps longer than any other in that climate. They boil it with unripe papaws to make it tender. The Indians told Gibbon that "the tail is the most delicate part when the hair is properly singed." In Japan, monkey meat is prepared in a chafing-dish with onions and sweet sauce. A traveler in that country says he found it tender, but almost tasteless. At one inn he saw the freshly severed head of a very large monkey hung to the chain supporting an iron pot for cooking. It was ghastly, grim, and pallid, painfully human in color and expression, and the dead face seemed to change in the rising smoke. He had no desire to taste monkey after that. Instances of imitativeness in monkeys are sometimes curiously suggestive of humanity. In the following instance the consequences were disastrous. It is a story of a monkey brought home by a sailor to his wife. The animal got to be a household pet, and was always about the kitchen when the woman was at work. The yard was full of chickens, and every now and then they would come into the room to pick up crumbs. Whenever they became too much of a nuisance, the good woman

would throw a few grains of powder in the fire to frighten them out with the flash. One day the sailor's wife was away, and the monkey undertook to manage the kitchen. He watched the chickens very carefully, and when the kitchen was pretty well filled with them, he took down the powder-horn and threw it all in the fire, blowing himself and everything sky high. I once saw a swinging monkey in a zoölogical garden who seemed to consider and estimate the angles and distances with as much apparent accuracy and skill as the greatest expert in a gymnasium. He never missed his purpose a single time, and his aims were as varied as they were interesting. Lord Sandwich trained up a huge baboon that he was fond of to play the part of a clergyman, dressed in canonicals, and make some buffoon imitation of saying grace. One of the species of baboon called the mandrill, was well known in London some years ago. He was called "Happy Jerry." He was excessively fond of gin and water, and of tobacco. An ape, one of the gibbons, produces an exact octave of musical sounds : ascending and descending the scale by half-notes, so that this monkey "alone of brute mammals may be said

*His conduct.**Skill of a swinging monkey.**Happy Jerry.*

to sing." Various kinds of monkeys make laughing or tittering sounds when pleased.

*When much
enraged.*

The face of one species at least, when much enraged, grows red. Mr. Sutton carefully observed for Darwin a young orang and chimpanzee, and he found that both always closed their eyes in sneezing and coughing. Keepers of monkeys in zoölogical gardens say that a common disease with them is softening of the brain. Many of the peculiar diseases of the females are the same as in the human species of the same sex.

*A minute
tail.*

A writer in Nature says that in the human skeleton a minute tail is to be seen, though none is visible in the unmutilated adult body. In the earliest stages of our existence, however, there is for a short time a real tail of considerable relative extent, but in the development of the body it becomes stationary, so as rapidly to become altogether overshadowed and hidden.

*Two young
orangs.*

"Many years ago (says Darwin) in the Zoological Gardens, I placed a looking-glass on the floor before two young orangs, who, as far as it was known, had never before seen one. At first they gazed at their own images, with the most steady surprise, and often changed their point of view. They then approached close, and protruded

their lips towards the image, as if to kiss it, in exactly the same manner as they had previously done towards each other, when first placed, a few days before, in the same room. They next made all sorts of grimaces, and put themselves in various attitudes before the mirror; they pressed and rubbed the surface; they placed their hands at different distances behind it; and finally seemed almost frightened, started a little, became cross, and refused to look any longer." When Dr. Duchesne gave to a monkey some new article of food, it elevated its eyebrows a little, thus assuming an appearance of close attention. It then took the food in its fingers, and, with lowered or rectilinear eyebrows, scratched, smelt, and examined it, — an expression of reflection being thus exhibited. Sometimes it would throw back its head a little, and again with suddenly raised eyebrows reëxamine and finally taste the food. But more remarkable than all is the seeming consciousness of evil, and apparent instinct of Satan, that these very human animals, under certain circumstances, seem to exhibit. Turtles and serpents are sometimes put into the cells of the poor captives. They do not much care for the turtles, but the snakes are the very devil.

*All sorts of
grimaces.*

*Elevated its
eyebrows.*

*Instinct of
Satan.*

Certain so-called sciences.

Depressed.

Judgment of Carlyle.

No right beginning or ending.

As I walked up and down my library to-day, stopping occasionally to turn over musingly some old well-worn volumes, I could not help wondering if the time spent upon certain so-called sciences was not about all lost. Like every other young man of studious habits, I thought I must know the mind, and so I read metaphysics. I read Locke, until my brain was weary, trying to comprehend his theory of "innate ideas." I was depressed, — feeling acutely that my failure to comprehend him was on account of my own mental inability. I read Dugald Stewart; and though delighted with his didactic eloquence, I did not understand his system as I thought I should. I read Sir William Hamilton: the result was the same. I was discouraged — especially with my own estimate of myself. Sometimes I lamented that I had read these books at all; but never could tell why, till, years after, I met with the judgment of Thomas Carlyle, which perfectly rested my uneasy mind. "This study of metaphysics, I say, had only the result, after bringing me rapidly through different phases of opinion, at last to deliver me altogether out of metaphysics. I found it altogether a frothy system, no

right beginning to it, no right ending. I began with Hume and Diderot, and as long as I was with them I ran at atheism, at blackness, at materialism of all kinds. If I read Kant I arrived at precisely opposite conclusions, that all the world was spirit, namely, that there was nothing material at all anywhere; and the result was what I have stated, that I resolved for my-*Kant.*

self having nothing more to do with metaphysics at all." I thought, too, with all other studious boys and young men, that I must become acquainted with what Archbishop Whately called "catallactics,"*Catallactics.* the science of exchanges" (political economy). I read Smith, and Malthus, and Ricardo, and others; and as I progressed the less I knew, or the more I became lost in the endless complication of conflicting calculations and theories. All the time vaguely suspecting—not having the courage or ability to conclude, with De Quincey—that "nothing could be postulated, nothing demonstrated, for anarchy as to first principles was predominant."*Nothing demonstrated.*

And I was never quite at ease with myself on the subject till I encountered Daniel Webster's dictum as to the so-called science, very clearly expressed in a letter

Webster's dictum

to a friend: "For my part," says the great lawyer, and statesman, and profound thinker, "though I like the investigation of particular questions, I give up what is called the science of political economy. There is no such science. There are no rules on these subjects so fixed and invariable that their aggregate constitutes a science. I believe I have recently run over twenty volumes, from Adam Smith to Professor Dew; and from the whole, if I were to pick out with one hand all mere truisms, and with the other all the doubtful propositions, little would be left."

Not a science.

Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner. In my wretched physical and moral state, I like to think upon the possible good man, as I find him outlined in George Herbert, Goldsmith, and others, to say nothing of the New Testament. I like to think of that pleasant Sunday morning, when I heard the good Episcopalian, Dr. Muhlenberg, preach a sermon in Dr. Adams's Presbyterian church, in behalf of a Lutheran mission. The theme was Christian charity. And the spirit of the Teacher was in every word. Once or twice he lost his place from (it appeared to me) pure ex-

Lord, have mercy.

Christian charity.

altation of feeling — being lifted up out of himself into a higher medium. Rapt, transported, for the moment, his countenance showed him to be. The heaven of his hopes, and the heaven of the hopes of all, *The heaven of all.* he was in a sense already enjoying. The smile of the Lord was the feast of his soul. The difficulty of finding his place again, seemed only to be the difficulty of readjustment. The good man! And many and many good men there are, though not so conspicuous. The bigot's calculation, that *The bigot's calculation.* nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand souls are predestined to be lost, is not the calculation of the possessor of a human heart which knows itself, or feels at all a tithe of the irremediable that lies about it. A right-minded man has some consciousness of human weakness and of the difficulty of the human lot — neither of which existent verities should for a moment be lost sight of while considering any system of philosophy, government, or religion especially. Religion is for men, as government and philosophy are; and as men cannot violently be made over, they must be taken as they exist. Any system must fail that requires the impossible. A true Christian Church has been defined to be an associa-

Religion.

Theology.

*Christian-
ity.*

Imagine it!

tion of men for the cultivation of knowledge, the practice of piety, and the promotion of virtue. The temple of theology is ever crumbling. Extremes and nice distinctions in faith are being more and more forgotten or subordinated; and while a common basis is being discovered, it is felt to be wise by the sects to "press differences tenderly. Religion is too essential to cling to any dogma." It is the amalgam of Christianity that is destined to fuse the churches. The elements are slowly preparing, to be inevitably compounded. There are encouraging signs. A recent traveler in Europe speaks of visiting an immense brown church in Heidelberg, with imposing steeple, and statues in the niches on the walls, which he supposed to be a Catholic cathedral. On entering he observed that it was divided in two parts by a wall in the centre, and discovered that one end of the church was Catholic, and the other end Lutheran, both worshiping under one roof. Imagine an American village of five thousand souls, with a dozen or more sects of Christians, all worshiping together in one temple. How soon the different sects would become ashamed of their petty differences, and what a power such a compound organ-

ization would become. It would soon be an influence from the centre to the ends of the earth. As it is, the different sects — all claiming a common purpose — find it impossible to hold a few meetings together without bickering. How the devil laughs at all such proceedings, and rejoices at every new device to divide his enemies. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright (says a recent writer), we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power. This is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving — "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them ; and the moment we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good (and who but fools could n't ?) then do it ; push at it together ; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push ; but the moment that even the best men stop pushing, and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over. Christianity, said Warburton to Spence, seems to have received more hurt from its friends than its enemies. By their making things

*The devil
laughs.*

*The Phari-
see's thanks-
giving.*

*Pugnacity
mistaken
for piety.*

Moral whetstones.

Special beliefs.

Gloomy theologies.

part of it, which are not so ; or talking of things as very material to it, which are very little so. The sects discuss one another somewhat as they use whetstones, Coleridge said, to sharpen their moral discrimination and consciences. But the battle-cries of Sobieski and Ibrahim are not for this day. All the world knows with Swift, that you may force men, by interest or punishment, to say or swear they believe, and to act as if they believed : you can go no further. Beliefs, therefore, are less and less regarded, in comparison with Christianity itself. Men, it has been said, may be tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South-Sea Islanders ; but a real human heart with Divine love in it, beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes. "'T is not the dying for a faith that's so hard, Master Harry," said the trooper [Dick Steele], "'t is the living up to it that is difficult." Ah ! what mighty intellects have been employed in the world to divide it, in matters of religious faith, and what multitudes of lives have been sacrificed to keep it divided ! When the gloomy and awful theologies become curiosities, how prodigious will the intellects of their inventors

appear! Robert Hall pronounced Jonathan Edwards the greatest of the sons of men. "That he was a man of extraordinary endowments (remarks Dr. Holmes, in his defense of the doctors against the clergy) and of deep spiritual nature, was not questioned, nor that he was a most acute reasoner who could unfold a proposition into its consequences as patiently, as convincingly, as a palæontologist extorts its confession from a fossil fragment. But it was maintained that so many dehumanizing ideas were mixed up with his conceptions of man, and so many diabolizing attributes embodied in his imagination of the Deity, that his system of beliefs was tainted throughout by them, and that the fact of his being so remarkable a logician recoiled on the premises which pointed his inexorable syllogisms to such revolting conclusions. When he presents us a God, in whose sight children, with certain not too frequent exceptions, 'are young vipers, and are infinitely more hateful than vipers'; when he gives the most frightful detailed description of infinite and endless tortures which it drives men and women mad to think of, prepared for 'the bulk of mankind'; when he cruelly pictures a fu-

*Diabolizing
attributes.*

*Endless tor-
tures.*

ture in which parents are to sing hallelujahs of praise as they see their children driven into the furnace, where they are to lie 'roasting' forever, — we have a right to say that the man who held such beliefs and indulged in such imaginations and expressions, is a burden and not a support in reference to the creed with which his name is associated. What heathenism has ever approached the horrors of this conception of human destiny? It is not an abuse of language to apply to such a system of beliefs the name of Christian pessimism." It has been said that if the Christian apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, could return to Rome they might perchance inquire the name of the Deity who is worshiped with such mysterious rites in its magnificent temple: at Oxford or Geneva they would experience less surprise; but it might still be incumbent on them to peruse the catechism of the church, and to study the orthodox commentators on their own writings and the words of their Master. It certainly would appear to them that the sects had departed far away from the teachings and example of the Founder, and that love to God and love for man were in danger of being buried forever under the rubbish of dogmas and

A burden.

*Christian
pessimism.*

*Words of
the Master.*

symbols. At the same time it would appear very evident to them that materialism was speciously deified, and that mammon in all its forms was exalted, if not worshiped. It was only the other day that I happened to be looking out of the window, and witnessed, at the corner of the street opposite, the meeting of a priest and a poor working-man of his church. The uncovered head of the poor man immediately and obeisantly went down in reverence — half-way to the pavement; while the priest made no movement, nor gave the slightest sign of recognition. The priest and the one rich man of his congregation next met, an instant after, near the same spot. The scene was significantly changed. The rich man in this instance gave no sign of recognition that could be perceived; the priest it was — the recognized priest of the Most High — that bowed down abjectly to Mammon.

A significant scene.

The priest and the rich man.

No man ever existed, I suppose, who did not regret the acquaintance and association of certain persons, on account of their particular bad influence over him. The evils that men suffer and inflict are so often directly traceable to the influence and example of evil communications, that reflective

Evil communications

persons find it difficult to separate them. One remarkable man it was my ill-fortune to know intimately for a time in my early life, of whom I am constantly reminded in all my evil thoughts and short-comings. His unusual ability and nature made him a very dangerous acquaintance. There was so much subtile penetration in his disparaging observation, and so much genius in his malice, that he was fascinating perforce. For forty years I have been trying to rid myself of the effects of a few months' association with him, and for forty years regretting that I ever met him. The considerable distinction he afterwards attained did not much modify his character; so that I have often been astonished that he died in his bed a natural death—that somebody did n't kill him, or that he did n't kill himself. I have wondered, too, that, as he was always secreting venom, he did not die of an excess of it. In Brazil, an opinion prevails that whoever has been bitten by a boa-constrictor has nothing to fear from any other reptile. Adapting the language of Sydney Smith applied to O'Connell—What a happy condition that of the man who had suffered abuse from my venomous acquaintance. It did not enter into

*Genius in
malice.*

*Often aston-
ished.*

the head of Goethe that the publication of Werther would be followed by an epidemic of suicide. It would have surprised Dickens to learn that a copy of Martin Chuzzlewit, open at the chapter describing the suicide of Jonas Chuzzlewit, was found by the side of a man who committed suicide in New York. Evil influence, like the "damned spot," will not "out." In a corner of the Black Museum in London hang the clothes of a clergyman who murdered his wife some years ago. So carefully had the murderer washed his trousers and his coat-sleeves, that the blood-stains could only be discerned with difficulty at the time of the investigation. But since the coat and trousers have been hanging on the Black Museum's walls, the stains have come out close and thick. "We many times notice that here," the visitor is told. It deserves to be noticed (says Hawthorne, in his English Note-Books) that some small figures of Indian Thugs, represented as engaged in their profession and handiwork of cajoling and strangling travelers, have been removed from the place which they formerly occupied in the part of the British Museum shown to the general public. They are now in the more private room,

*Suicide.**Blood-stains.**Indian
Thugs.*

The Pomeroy boy.

Dime novels.

Murdered women.

and the reason of their withdrawal is, that, according to the chaplain of Newgate, the practice of garroting was suggested to the English thieves by this representation of Indian Thugs. Said James T. Fields in a lecture on Fiction in Brooklyn, "I recently paid a visit to the Pomeroy boy, who was sentenced to be hanged for killing three children, but whose sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life. I asked him if he read much. He said that he did. 'What kind of books do you read?' said I. 'Mostly one kind,' he said — 'mostly dime novels.' 'What is the best book you have read?' I asked. 'Well, I liked Buffalo Bill best,' he replied. 'It was full of murders, and pictures about murders.' 'Well,' I asked, 'how did you feel after reading such a book?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I felt as if I wanted to do the same.'"

Another remarkable instance of the direct influence of bad literature upon boys, I remember to have seen referred to authentically in a Western newspaper. The bodies of three murdered women were discovered in a house in a village. They were considerably decomposed — lime having been sprinkled over them; and dime novels of the most objectionable character

were found in the room, which had to all appearance been read by the murderer after the murders had been committed. The suspected murderer was a son of one of the murdered women, and committed suicide soon after the crime was discovered. It was proven, at least, that he had borrowed the novels. He was but eighteen years old.

The boy-murderer.

Sin and bile, in the judgment of the excellent Hannah More, are the two bad things in this world. As to the unmitigated badness of the latter, my sufferings for the last few days fully attest. My whole system is inundated by it, and my complexion is a miserable yellow. My doctor talks wisely about it, but does not relieve me. My mind, too, is affected by it, and I find it very difficult indeed to think clearly or healthfully. Ah! exclaimed an intellectual giant — suffering as I suffer from this distressing malady — what a dismal, debasing, and confusing element is that of a sick body on the human soul or thinking part! But for the counteracting influence of my good books, I know not what I should do. On the front of the first national library founded in Egypt was en-

Sin and bile.

*A sick body
a confusing
element.*

*Health and
happiness de-
pendent upon
diet.*

*Buttered
toast.*

*The respon-
sibility of
printers.*

graved, "The medicine of the mind." The body, however, is often a despot, and the thinking part is in such subserviency that it can only very feebly exert itself. In all countries, says Leigh Hunt, the devil (to speak after the received theory of good and ill) seems to provide for a due diminution of health and happiness by something in the way of meat and drink. The northern nations exasperate their bile with beer, the southern with oil, and all with butter and pastry. I would swear that Dante was a great eater of "fries." Poor Lord Castlereagh had had his buttered toast served up for breakfast the day he killed himself. The opinion of a book, it has often been remarked, depends very much on the state of the liver. It has even been suggested that some charitable reformer may have been sagacious enough to discover a way to fuse sects and harmonize Christians, but that the liver of the book-taster consigned the desideratum, above every other, to oblivion. The responsibility of printers! A very eminent physician firmly believed that he had more than once changed the moral character of a boy by leeches to the inside of the nose. On the other hand, the mind affects the

body as directly, and sometimes very curiously. George Eliot wrote to one of her friends, "If you were to feel my bump of acquisitiveness, I dare say you would find it in a state of inflammation, like the 'veneration' of that clergyman to whom the phrenologist said, 'Sir, you have recently been engaged in prayer.'" Jean Paul ob-

*Religion
and science.*

served that the stomach of the butterfly shrinks up when his wings are spread. Sin and bile ! Bile and sin ! It has been said, by a profound student of human nature, that when an elevated mind looks into the abyss of evil beyond a certain depth, it is seized with a vertigo, and can no longer distinguish anything. In the Crystal Palace, Hawthorne saw nothing in the sculptural way, either modern or antique, that impressed him so much as a statue of a nude mother by a French artist. In a sitting posture, with one knee over the other, she was clasping her highest knee with both hands ; and in the hollow cradle thus

*The abyss of
evil.*

formed by her arms lay two sweet little babies, as snug and close to her heart as if they had not yet been born, — two little love blossoms, — and the mother encircling and pervading them with love. But an infinite pathos and strange terror were

*Two sweet
little babies.*

*Cain and
Abel.*

*Solomon's
proclamation.*

*Caligula's
daughter.*

given to this beautiful group by some faint bas-reliefs on the pedestal, indicating that the happy mother was Eve, and Cain and Abel the two innocent babes. Cain and Abel! Abel and Cain! Alas! There is, says a writer upon mental disease, a destiny made for a man by his ancestors; and no one can elude, were he able to attempt it, the tyranny of his organization. The power of hereditary influence in determining an individual's nature, which, when plainly stated, must needs appear a truism, has been more or less distinctly recognized in all ages. Solomon proclaimed it to be the special merit of a good man that he leaves an inheritance to his children's children; on the other hand it has been declared that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations. It was a proverb in Israel that when the fathers have eaten sour grapes the children's teeth are set on edge; and it was deemed no marvel that those whose fathers had stoned the prophets should reject Him who was sent unto them — "Ye are the children of those who stoned the prophets." Complaint having been made to Caligula that his daughter, two years old, scratched the little children

who were her play-fellows, and even tried to tear out their eyes, he replied, with a laugh, "I see; she is my daughter." Ribot speaks of a native New Zealander, intelligent and curious, connected with the chief families of his country, who accompanied an English traveler to London for education, but owing to the imperfect development of his mind he could understand nothing of European civilization, and interpreted everything according to the notions of a savage. Thus, when a rich man passed, he would say, "That man has a good deal to eat," unable to understand wealth in any other way. The missionary societies sometimes adopt Chinese infants and have them educated in European institutions at great expense; they go back to their own country with the resolve to propagate the Christian religion, but scarcely have they disembarked when the spirit of their race seizes upon them; they forget their promises, and lose all their Christian beliefs. It might be supposed that they had never left China. The fact itself (says Mill, in his great little book *On Liberty*), of causing the existence of a human being, is one of the most responsible actions in the range of human life. To undertake

*Education
vs. heredity*

*Chinese in-
fants.*

*Responsibil-
ity of caus-
ing the ex-
istence of a
human be-
ing.*

Transmitted defects.

Perversities outcropping.

Grievous indeed.

this responsibility — to bestow a life which may be either a curse or a blessing — unless the being on whom it is to be bestowed will have at least the ordinary chances of a desirable existence, is a crime against that being. Especially, another has remarked, no one who transmits defects of his or her own, whether physical or moral, can help feeling that he has wronged the child in handing them down to it. The compunction must be particularly painful when the defect is moral. When a father in his son, or a mother in her daughter, sees weaknesses and perversities outcropping which they clearly recognize as old personal property, they must doubt whether they are the persons who should punish the young offenders ; and it is not difficult to fancy that children, by some dim kind of instinct, partially discover the injustice of being scolded for teeth set on edge by the very people who have eaten the sour grapes. It seemed grievous indeed to Charlotte Brontë that those who have not sinned should suffer so largely.

I have been thinking how very remarkable is the thoroughly enlightened, cultivated man of this age of the world : he is

a marvel. Open and receptive to every suggestion and influence, every thing has taught him, as every thing is constantly teaching him. Intelligence is in the air, and flies on the wings of the wind. It is not possible for him to avoid breathing and absorbing it. There is a character in Dickens, or somewhere in fiction, whose occupation was in the wine-cellar amongst the butts and pipes ; he never drank anything, but he was always comfortable by absorption. So it is at this day with an open, healthy nature ; it has but to open its eyes and ears and pores (so to speak) to be enlightened. What we call study is not so necessary to intelligence as once. Every thing is an object-lesson, and teaches irresistibly. The results of genius and skill are everywhere, and they have been so intelligently worked out that they tell the processes of development. Machines are so much like the men they compete with and so often eclipse that they communicate. Printed pages are to be had for the picking up. Science opens its doors gratuitously. Art everywhere adorns and instructs. A good brain coöperating with a good heart, with all opportunities and facilities at every turn, must develop good

*A marvel.**A character
in Dickens.**Study not as
necessary as
once.**Art adorns
and in-
structs.*

A good representative specimen.

A favorite rock.

The diminutive bay.

A gentleman in gray.

character and sovereign enlightenment. The possible man, of full growth, under such encouraging and stimulating circumstances, is pleasant to contemplate. On an island in the sea, one bright Sunday morning, not many years ago, I met a good representative specimen of high manhood, which sometimes appears to my memory, filling it full, to the exclusion of everything beside. It was after breakfast that I had sauntered down to my favorite rock, where I delighted to lounge when the weather was favorable. It sloped gently to the west, and was sheltered from the morning sun by the ledge behind. It overlooked a diminutive bay (the size of this library room), which was always particularly interesting to me at low tide. At such times the kelp lay exposed, and specimens of star-fish and sea-urchins were sometimes visible. The puff of the locomotive was seen but not heard ten miles away, on the mainland. In favorable atmospheres I thought I could discern Mt. Washington, defining itself as a cloud in the distance. It was an interesting spot to dream at, as it is an interesting spot to dream of. I found my rock occupied, by a gentleman in gray — say of fifty years of age ; but

there was room enough for two, he insisted, and moved over. I had never seen him before ; but his manner and atmosphere of gentility and good-breeding were assuring, and I sat down. Something was said of the morning, or the tide, or a passing sail. The little bay, that he had just discovered, seemed as interesting to him as it was to me. Its situation and accessories were referred to in a compendious sentence or two, that denoted his full comprehension of them. His observations upon the rock formations visible, showed him familiar with the theories and conclusions of geology. His reference to a sea-urchin had the observation and intelligence of a naturalist in it. He called particular attention to a long serpentine line of kelp, and in a few sentences gave me an amount of information of the remarkable sea-weed that I have never wholly forgotten. How it grows in lower latitudes on every rock from low water mark to a great depth, both on the outer coast and within the channels ; how every rock near the surface is buoyed by this floating weed, — thus affording good service to vessels navigating near the stormy land, and saving many a one from being wrecked. Three hundred

The little bay interested him.

Rock formations.

Kelp.

Of service to sailors.

and sixty feet is the length it had been known to attain. He compared the great aquatic forests of the southern hemisphere with the terrestrial ones in the intertropical regions, and said that if in any country a forest was destroyed, he believed not nearly so many species of animals would perish as in the former, from the destruction of the kelp. Amidst the leaves of this plant numerous species of fish live, which nowhere else could find food or shelter ; with their destruction the many cormorants and other fishing-birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish also ; and the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of that miserable land, would redouble his cannibal feast, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist. From considering the remarkable plant of the sea, and discoursing upon it, he naturally passed, in contrast, to the ship of the desert. Alive or dead, his information was, that almost every part of the camel is serviceable to man : her milk is plentiful and nutritious ; the young and tender flesh has the taste of veal ; a valuable salt is extracted from the urine ; dung supplies the deficiency of fuel ; and the long hair, which falls each year and is renewed, is coarsely

*Effects of its
destruction.*

*Creatures
that would
perish.*

The camel.

manufactured into the garments, the furniture, and the tents of the Bedouins. It struck him, as it strikes the traveler, as something extremely romantic and mysterious, the noiseless step of the camel, from the spongy nature of his foot ; whatever be the substance of the ground — sand, or rock, or turf, or loose stones — you hear no foot-fall ; you see an immense animal approaching you, stilly as a cloud floating on air ; and, unless he wears a bell, your sense of hearing, acute as it may be, will give you no intimation of his presence. The Arabs, he said, could live five days without victuals, and subsist for three weeks on nothing else but the blood of their camels, who could lose so much of it as would suffice for that time, without being exhausted. Thence the interesting man passed in the same intelligent way to the populations of the East — to the effects of commerce and Western ideas upon China and Japan ; to the opening of Africa, the wonderful discoveries there, and their probable influence upon European trade and emigration. Thence to the adaptation of governments to the new growth of nations. How all the religions were perceptibly changing in a similar manner. Noting, as he passed,

His noiseless step.

His blood.

Adaptation of governments.

*Acute and
comprehensive.*

*The whole
round earth
to the eye.*

*A cosmopolitan
man.*

some of the effects of the rushing progression upon the habits and dispositions of men — increased restlessness, growing materialism, and apparent diminution of faith being of the few results suggestively referred to. His acute and comprehensive view — his easy passage from one remote part of the world to another — reminded me of a sermon I had lately heard preached by Dr. Hitchcock — certainly one of the most vigorous pulpit thinkers in the world — in which the whole round earth was made to appear apart to the hearer's eye ; he turned it about as a teacher turns his revolving globe, and pointed to spots here and there, dimly or conspicuously lighted by Christianity and Christian civilization — all with so much freedom, simplicity, and intelligence, that it hardly occurred to me to guess, much less to conceive the prodigious diligence and exhausting study that had been necessary to the presentation of the subject so comprehensively, so easily, and so naturally. This many-sided, cosmopolitan man, on my rock, talked of finance, but not of the machinery of the banker's office ; of commerce, but not of lines of railway or steamships ; of government, but not of office-holders or of office-

holding ; of polity, not politics ; of religion, not churches. I could not have guessed, at the end of his conversation, in what part of the world he lived ; with what political party, if any, he acted ; with what denomination he worshiped ; in what occupation he had made his money. He had asked no questions, nor anticipated any. In all that he had said, there was no show of vanity, bigotry, intolerance, dogmatism, or aggressiveness. He had talked and I had listened. There was that in his manner which said, It happens so ; next time a reverse ; you will talk and I will listen. The bell at the hotel called us to a late dinner. At the table, a glass of wine was brought to me by a servant from another part of the dining-hall, with the name and compliments of my companion of the morning. I returned my own name, of course, with the usual acknowledgment. After dinner he came to me as if he had known me always, extending his hand, and calling me by name — saying, that he wished to present me to his wife. With the accomplished lady I walked up and down the piazza for a few minutes, when my acquaintance (it seemed to me for ages in another state of being) made his appearance again, regret-

He asked no questions, nor anticipated any.

A glass of wine.

His wife.

The impression of him distinctly in memory.

ting to take leave, as they were to embark in an hour for New York, to sail thence by Wednesday's steamer for Europe. I have never seen or heard of the remarkable man since; yet he made such an impression upon me, and I remember him so distinctly, that I cannot help setting him down as a specimen of the thoroughly enlightened and cultivated man referred to in the beginning.

The business of reforming.

The business of reforming — re-forming — making over — how interesting! An occupation for saints, philosophers, and heroes. The instinct to unmake and remake is very prevalent, and develops early. Only now and then a man is found who is not a born reformer. Himself perfect, the reformer would have everybody like himself. If a hundred persons were stopped at haphazard in the streets of Paris, says Dumont, and a proposal were made to them to take charge of the Government, ninety-nine would accept it. Mirabeau accepted the post of reporter to the committee on mines without having the slightest tincture of knowledge on the subject. Men enter upon politics like the gentleman who, on being asked if he knew how

Ninety-nine of one hundred.

to play the harpsichord, replied, "I cannot tell, I never tried, but I will see." Socrates used to say, that although no man undertakes a trade he has not learned, even the meanest, yet every one thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades, that of government. As I have said, the instinct to govern — re-form — unmake — re-make — re-create — develops very early. A boy only thirteen years old, who had been reading newspapers of one party till he became impressed with the belief that the opposite party was in every way and in every thing essentially and totally corrupt, asked his mother, impatiently and indignantly, "Why don't the Government abolish the Democrats?" His question was radical, and in the spirit of the reformer. A little legislation, in his estimation, was all that was necessary. Bolingbroke, though, understood such matters very differently. "It is a very easy thing to divine good laws; the difficulty is to make them effective. The great mistake is that of looking upon men as virtuous, or thinking that they can be made so by laws." "Publish few edicts," said Don Quixote to Governor Sancho Panza, "but let them be good; and, above all, see that they are well observed;

*Every man
a governor.*

*A boy's ques-
tion.*

*The great
mistake.*

*King Log's
experience.*

for edicts that are not kept are the same as not made, and seem only to show that the prince, though he had wisdom and authority to make them, had not the courage to insist upon their execution. Laws that threaten, and are not enforced, become like King Log, whose croaking subjects first feared, then despised him." Canon Wilberforce, in a sermon in York Minster, speaking of the impossibility of restraining men's appetites and passions, said, "This is not the platform; and yet, before this altar, I declare that there is nothing at which the devils laugh more than at an act of parliament." "Man," said Douglas Jerrold, "will not be made temperate or virtuous by the strong hand of the law, but by the teaching and influence of moral power.

*Acts of par-
liament.*

A man is no more made sober by act of parliament than a woman is made chaste."

*The Duke
du Sully to
some popish
ladies.*

There is a speech by the blunt Duke du Sully to an assembly of popish ladies, who were railing very bitterly at Henry the Fourth, at his accession to the French throne; "Ladies," said he, "you have a very good king, if you knew when you are well. However, set your hearts at rest, for he is not a man to be scolded or scratched out of his kingdom." "The

idea of reform," says Judge Brackenridge, in *Modern Chivalry*, "delights the imagination. Hence, reformers are prone to reform too much. There is a blue and a better blue; but in making the better blue, a small error in the proportion, of the drug, or alkali, will turn it black." Leigh Hunt, when a very young man, wrote a comedy which was never acted or published. It was entitled *A Hundred a Year*, and turned upon a hater of the country, who, upon having an annuity to that amount given him, on condition of his never going out of London, becomes a hater of the town. "I cannot, for my part," says an acute essayist, "understand how the frame of mind which is eager for proselytes should survive very early youth. I would not conceal my own views, but neither could I feel anxious to thrust them upon others; and that, for the very simple reason that conversion appears to me to be an absurdity. You cannot change a man's thoughts about things as you can change the books in his library. The mind is not a box, which can have opinions inserted and extracted at pleasure. No belief is good for anything which is not part of an organic growth and the natural product of

*Reformers
prone to re-
form too
much.*

*The con-
trary effect.*

*The mind is
not a box.*

*Ready-made
opinions not
to be in-
serted.*

a man's mental development under the various conditions in which he is placed. To promote his intellectual activity, to encourage him to think, and to put him in the way of thinking rightly, is a plain duty; but to try to insert ready-made opinions into his mind by dint of authority is to contradict the fundamental principles of free inquiry." "Attempt to shape the world according to its poetry," said Dr. Riccabocca, "and you fit yourself for a mad-house. The farther off the age is from the realization of their projects, the more the philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruptions of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture, with a crook in one's hand as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece, and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis. Just in the grimmest period of English history, with the axe hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives us his Utopia." The error of Jeremy Bentham and of John Locke, it has been remarked,

*A fashion in
Paris.*

*Sir Thomas
More, with
the axe over
his head.*

was in supposing that they in their closets could frame *de novo* a code for the people. The latter prepared a code more than a century ago for one of the North American colonies, which proved a signal failure. Burke, upon being conducted by Erskine to his garden, through a tunnel under the road that divided the house from the shrubbery, all the beauty of Kenwood (Lord Mansfield's place) and the distant prospect suddenly burst upon them. "Oh," said Burke, "this is just the place for a reformer — all the beauties are beyond your reach." "Sun ! how I hate thy beams !" exclaimed the sick philosopher ; but the sick philosopher could not tear the sun out of the sky. This old world has been several thousand ages a part of the universe, and she cannot be easily jostled out of her place. The race of man has been as long developing ; and to go back to the beginning to begin the work of working it over — re-forming it — re-creating it — would discourage any but courageous reformers of the aggressive type, who, in their zeal and sublime confidence, think all things possible of accomplishment. At the beginning they must begin, to be thorough. The evil — accumulating for thousands of ages -- must be

Burke's exclamation.

Discouraging to any but courageous reformers.

*Pretty and
Christian.*

*Movement
not always
progress.*

*The arch-
enemy.*

radically eliminated, to make room for the good that was lost at the Fall. Hobhouse saw it differently. He once said to Hunt that "the only real thing in life was to be always doing wrong, and always to be forgiven for it." Commenting upon the remark, the poet asks, "Is not that pretty and Christian?" Whoever would transform a character, it has been well said, must undo a life history. The fixed and unchanging laws by which events come to pass hold sway in the domain of mind as in every other domain of nature. As things are, it is not always easy to know what is right or best. Movement is not always progress. Parry, in his Polar expedition, while urging northward along the ice his sleighs and Samoyede dogs, found, when the sun, bursting through the fog, revealed his position, that he had been unconsciously traveling several degrees to the southward, since he had been journeying on a mass of floating ice borne by the ocean currents to the south. The devil — the principle of evil — whatever you call him or it — all men agree in regarding the arch-enemy. Resist him until resistance becomes habit, and he will not much trouble you ; permit him liberties, and you are his, body and

spirit. King Zohak, as Southey relates it, gave the devil leave to kiss his shoulders. Instantly, two serpents sprang out, who, in the fury of hunger, attacked his head, and attempted to get at his brain. Zohak pulled them away, and tore them with his nails. But he found that they were inseparable parts of himself, and that what he was lacerating was his own flesh.

Parts of himself.

Alas! Alas! I am troubled now with my eyes. Fortunately, with all my varied and multiplied diseases and ailments, my eyesight has remained unimpaired, until within a very few days. My doctor is not quite clear as to the trouble, and suggests that I should consult a specialist. The thought of blindness terrifies me. To sit in darkness the remainder of my days, without the resource of vision to fortify me against innumerable distresses, would be awful. Without my usual supply of honey from my library I should starve. My faculties must be generously fed, and the food they require is of the richest and daintiest varieties. "My mind my kingdom is." As I sit in my easy-chair, however rheumatism may rack me, my eye can run along the shelves, and my mind enjoy

Troubled with his eyes.

Honey from his library.

*The gods
sympathize.*

*Jacob and
Daniel*

*A cherished
scheme.*

the society of a century of worthies of all the ages. With the companionship of the gods, the gout, even, may be endured. The gods sympathize. They all have known suffering, and derision, and isolation. "To live alone is the chastisement of whoever will raise himself too high." Tortured, imprisoned, beheaded, many of them were. "Awful is the duel between man and the age in which he lives!" Starved often, they fed on ambrosia, and are immortal. Jacob, with the heavens for a tent, and the stones for a pillow, saw the angels ascending and descending. Daniel, declining the king's wine and meat, and living on vegetables and water, interpreted the king's vision. Generous memory must supply me for a while. My doctor says I must not read: that a little reading, even, is perilous. And writing — the least — he absolutely prohibits. This record of my idleness, therefore, must be laid aside. Sorry; for this essaying at composition is more nearly an amusement than anything that I attempt. In a limited way I shall be driven to adopt a scheme that has long been in my mind. I long have thought that if I were a rich man I should have a dozen competent persons, or more, to read

for me. They should be selected for their special fitness, and paid generous salaries, that their minds might be entirely at ease, and wholly at my service. The world abounds in scholars, who would be glad of such employment. Books would be supplied to them liberally. Twenty thousand dollars a year I should enjoy expending in that way. I should then feel that I might be fairly acquainted with the moral, intellectual, and material progress of the whole earth. Certain of the sciences I should have men employed upon of the highest order that could be obtained. Certain parts of the world I should have explored and studied to the utmost extent that books would permit. Eleemosynary and missionary efforts of every description I should have known and tabulated. The great growth of the Great West — known to geographers only a few years ago as the Great American Desert — I should have noted as intelligently as swift progress would allow. I should have a man for South America and the Pacific Islands, who should report to me every sign of growth and civilization in those isolated regions. I should have another for Africa, who should be specially competent for that

*Scholars to
read for
him.*

*Of the high-
est order.*

*The Great
West.*

*South
America.*

*The Dark
Continent.*

China.

*A strange
fact.*

Japan.

most interesting field. The rivers and the lakes of the Dark Continent he should explore with Livingstone and Stanley, and others, and carefully set down every new settlement, with its resources and purposes, as far as could be ascertained. India should be invaded and ransacked by a competent reader. And China, with all her peculiarities, philosophies, and superstitions, should be carefully and searchingly studied. China! — that strange country, where “objects terrestrial and celestial, objects visible and invisible, and objects real and imaginary, are made the recipients of homage; but among them all there is not one the object of the worship of which is to make the devotee more pure and more sincere, more honest, more virtuous, or more holy. The object whose attainment is desired is always selfish, sensual, or secular.” And Japan — a more wonderful country still — I should keep a man, or two men, constantly engaged in investigating. If practicable, a thoroughly intelligent person who had traveled in that country should be employed. The decaying religion of the Japanese he should be instructed to comprehend if possible; and especially he should be instructed to observe whatever

is taking its place. The awful poverty of that old country where humanity is such a drug, and where the graveyards are greater in population than the towns; yet Dai-koku, the god of wealth, is in every house and worshiped by every inhabitant, with body and spirit;—where the children are taught the gloomiest fatalism from the earliest moment of comprehension;—where soap is not used, — only a little sand in a running stream;—where the children do not cry;—where the process of milking a cow is unknown;—where such necessary articles as pins are never seen. A traveler in the interior of the country for hundreds and hundreds of miles never heard a child cry! “Such queer crowds,” she says; “so silent and gaping, remaining motionless for hours, the wide awake babies, on the mothers’ backs and in the fathers’ arms, never crying.” “In Yusowa,” she writes, “I took my lunch in a yard, and the people crowded in hundreds to the gate, and those behind being unable to see me, got ladders and climbed on the adjacent roofs, where they remained till one of the roofs gave way with a loud crash, and precipitated about fifty men, women, and children into the room below, which fortunately was va-

Awful poverty.

The gloomiest fatalism.

No child cried.

A scene.

Scant costumes.

A strange sight.

A hat and a fan.

Art.

Literature.

\$20,000 a year.

cant. Nobody screamed!" The scant costumes of a large proportion of the population in the interior are curious. The same traveler reports that the younger children wear nothing at all but a string and an amulet. "Could anything," she asks, "be a stranger sight than a decent-looking, middle-aged man, lying on his chest in the veranda, raised on his elbows, and intently reading a book, clothed only in a pair of spectacles?" Many of the men in the rice-fields wear only a hat, with a fan attached to a girdle. As the lady rode through Yokote, a town of ten thousand souls, the people rushed out from the baths to see her, men and women alike, without a particle of clothing. Art, too, I should have a competent reader in—an artist if possible—to report the achievements of the greatest painters and sculptors. The novel fields of literature should be scoured; in a word, every thing knowable, present and past, should be known, as far as was practicable, and communicated to me, at stated hours, to suit my convenience—intelligently, enthusiastically, exuberantly. Twenty thousand dollars a year expended in that delightful way, for enlightenment, entertainment, and occupation, I should consider cheap and magnificent pleasure.

“The burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world.” “Through mystery to mystery.” There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, it has been said, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity : modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word ; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy because it as yet knows nothing ; age miserable because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence. Heraclitus, it is known, composed a book *On Nature*, which he deposited in the temple of Diana. The style in which it was written was purposely obscure, that it might be read only by the learned, he being afraid, if it were to afford entertainment to the people generally, that it would soon become so common as to procure him only contempt. This book, says Lucretius, gained extraordinary reputation, because nobody understood it. Da-

*Through
mystery to
mystery.*

*Innocence a
holy igno-
rance.*

*Heraclitus's
book.*

*Nobody un-
derstood it.*

*Swift.**Voltaire.**Rabelais.*

rius, king of Persia, having heard of it, wrote to the author to induce him to come and explain it to him, offering him, at the same time, a handsome reward and a lodging in his own palace ; but Heraclitus refused to go. Swift's profound knowledge of human nature led him to envelop his publications in all the mystery possible. After the Tale of a Tub and Battle of the Books had been handed about in manuscript for years, they were published anonymously. Voltaire's latest French editors give a list of his one hundred and eight pseudonyms. The mystery and obscurity of The Divine Comedy gave it the interest and almost the importance of a new religion for a century or more. Steele says the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment ; to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than you are. Rabelais struck terrible blows, then hid himself in his humor. His general incomprehensibleness was his strength with the multitude, which laughed without always knowing what it was laughing about — the object satirized being presented in all sorts

of disguises. The wisdom and beauty of Tristram Shandy : how few readers discover or appreciate them, compared with the greater number who delight in its nonsense and coarseness. The influence and fame of the Letters of Junius were more the result of the mystery of their authorship than of their essential ability. The fact that they have been attributed to so many is evidence that many were thought capable of producing them. While books continue to be printed upon the subject of their origin, and the wisest of men exercise themselves in speculating upon the same, copies of the famous Letters will multiply, and be thought necessary to every library, though the events which produced them have long ceased to be of much interest, except to the most curious student. What were romance-writing without mystery? The story-writer must not only be ingenious in inventing his mysteries, but he must be skillful in carrying them, to succeed with the public. Great is the mystery of godliness. In the attempt to know the unknowable, creeds have been produced and sects organized. If its teachers had taught the practice of Christianity continually, and not expended themselves

*Junius**The famous Letters.**The mystery of godliness.*

Christendom would have been united.

in developing systems of theology, all Christendom would long ago have been a united army against Satan. Quiet is thought to be proof of reserved force. The individual who keeps his own counsel is always overestimated by the public. The same is the case with the estate of a man who is careful to be out of debt. The lady who does not cheapen herself by careless association and much display, is invested and clothed by the public with every virtue. All the world acknowledges that felicitous reserve which La Rochefoucauld has called "the mystery of the lady." An air of success — how imposing ! The world pays court to it unconsciously. Boswell said Beauclerk told a story with that air of the world that had an inexpressibly impressive effect, as if there were something more than was expressed, or than perhaps could be perfectly understood. The influence of what Grammont calls "a compound countenance," is not merely puzzling, it is powerful. Squeers, when introducing Nicholas to his school, looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble. Lord

The mystery of the lady.

A compound countenance.

Thurlow carried himself with such a majestic air that only the more intelligent ever asked themselves whether any one could really be as wise as Lord Thurlow always seemed. Talleyrand was a mysterious character. No one, it appears, could even intelligently guess his motives or purposes. Suspicion, caution, wickedness, subtilty, alertness, were natural to him, at the same time they were so mysteriously hidden in the recesses of his character, that their existence as essential parts of him were hardly thought of. At the very time he was most ready for a deadly spring, he appeared as quiescent as if all his faculties were dormant. "What does he mean by it?" he asked, when a celebrated diplomatist fell ill. The report of the death of George III. having just obtained circulation throughout Paris, a banker, by hook or by crook, managed to obtain an audience with Talleyrand, who was then Minister for Foreign Affairs. The banker, who, like many of his financial brethren, wished to make a good hit, and thought the present a favorable opportunity, had the indiscretion to reveal to the minister the real object of his visit. Talleyrand listened to him without moving a muscle

*Thurlow.**Talleyrand.**When ready
for a deadly
spring.**The bank-
er's inter-
view.*

*Not very
satisfactory.*

*A compli-
ment.*

Philip II.

of his phlegmatic visage, and at length replied in a solemn tone, "Some say that the king of England is dead, others say that he is not dead; but do you wish to know my opinion?" "Most anxiously, prince!" "Well, then, I believe — neither! I mention this in confidence to you; but I rely on your discretion: the slightest imprudence on your part would compromise me most seriously." Madame Flamelin one day reproached M. de Moutron with his attachment to Talleyrand. "Good God! madame," replied M. de Moutron, "who could help liking him, he is so wicked!" It was a maxim of his, that a man should make his *début* in the world as though he were about to enter a hostile country; he must send out scouts, establish sentinels, and even be upon the watch himself. Madame de Staël said of him, "The good Maurice is not unlike the manikins which children play with — dolls with heads of cork and legs of lead; throw them up which way you please, they are sure to fall on their feet." Motley describes the mysterious, the jesuitical, the powerful Philip II. at his writing-table, "scrawling his apostilles." "The fine, innumerable threads which stretched across the surface of Chris-

tendom, and covered it as with a net, all converged in that silent cheerless cell. France was kept in a state of perpetual civil war; the Netherlands had been converted into a shambles; Ireland was maintained in a state of chronic rebellion; Scotland was torn with internal feuds, regularly organized and paid for by Philip; and its young monarch — ‘that lying king of Scots,’ as Leicester called him — was kept in a leash ready to be slipped upon England, when his master should give the word; and England herself was palpitating with the daily expectation of seeing a disciplined horde of brigands let loose upon her shores; and all this misery, past, present, and future, was wholly due to the existence of that gray-haired letter-writer at his peaceful writing-table.” But there was a man in Holland, — more mysterious, more taciturn, more impenetrable, — named William the Silent, — who somehow contrived, every night, while the wily monarch slumbered, to have his writing-desk carefully examined, its contents intelligently noted, and scrupulously reported — the most interesting secret in history. George Washington was a mysterious personage. His nature was impenetrable: it was not.

*France in
perpetual
civil war.*

*England
palpitating.*

*William the
Silent.*

Washington.

*A charmed
life.*

comprehended, and is not, to this day. No wonder he was believed to have a charmed life. Some years after the battle known as Braddock's Defeat, an old Indian sachem visited Washington, and told him that he was one of the warriors in the service of the French, who lay in ambush on the banks of the Monongahela, and wrought such havoc in Braddock's army. He declared that he and his young men had singled him out, as he made himself conspicuous riding about the field of battle with the general's orders, and had fired at him repeatedly, but without success; whence they had concluded that he was under the protection of the Great Spirit, had a charmed life, and could not be slain in battle. The mysterious and the incomprehensible were readily believed to be superhuman. An eminent English woman has remarked it as a singular fact that whenever we find out how anything is done, our first conclusion seems to be that God did not do it. The greater the ignorance, the greater the power of mystery over it. Ives, a jailer while Leigh Hunt was a prisoner, was a self-willed, ignorant creature. He was not proof, however, against a Greek copy of Pindar, which he

*Protected
by the Great
Spirit.*

*The power
of mystery.*

happened to light upon one day amongst Hunt's books. "Its unintelligible character," says the poet, "gave him a notion that he had got somebody to deal with who might really know something which he did not. Perhaps the gilt leaves and red morocco binding had their share in the magic. The upshot was, that he always showed himself anxious to appear well with me, as a clever fellow, treating me with great civility on all occasions but one, when I made him very angry by disappointing him in a money amount. The Pindar was a mystery that staggered him. I remember very well, that giving me a long account one day of something connected with his business, he happened to catch with his eye the shelf that contained it, and whether he saw it or not, abruptly finished by observing, 'But, mister, you knows all these things as well as I do.'" Naturalists refer to the mysterious hypocrisies of nature, and how they repeat themselves with more or less completeness and consciousness in the mental life of man. What, it is asked, is the vast force exerted by habit in moulding men into the likeness of the society to which they belong, except a device for making them safe by preventing them from

An unintelligible book.

The Pindar a mystery.

The mysterious hypocrisies of nature.

A suggestive inquiry.

Hypocrisy.

When one of the necessities of life.

A privileged vice.

being conspicuous, just as the small green caterpillar is made safe and un conspicuous by its resemblance to the color of the leaves on which it feeds. And is there really any human analogy for the harmless snake and the sphinx caterpillar, which succeed by appearing to possess dangerous qualities which they have not, or more dangerous qualities than any they really have? Hypocrisy is the most specious, the most artful, the most impenetrable, the most mysterious of all the crimes, or sins, or vices. It was only pardonable, one would think, "when theological controversies were converted into engines of oppression, which filled prisons, ruined families, and exiled virtuous men,—rendering hypocrisy one of the necessities of life." When deliberate and voluntary, it has marvelous advantages. "It is an act," says Molière, "of which the imposture is always respected; and though it may be discovered, no one dares to do anything against it. All the other vices of man are liable to censure, and every one has the liberty of boldly attacking them; but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, which with its hand closes everybody's mouth, and enjoys its repose with sovereign impunity." But how odi-

ous to God are hypocrites, is denoted in the force of that dreadful expression, And his portion shall be with the hypocrites. "You will find in the Holy Scriptures," says Sir Roger L'Estrange, "that God has given the grace of repentance to persecutors, idolaters, murderers, adulterers, etc., but I am mistaken if the whole Bible affords any one instance of a converted hypocrite."

The Bible affords no instance of a converted hypocrite.

Yes ; I am a foggy, and not a reformer. While I cannot help lamenting certain tendencies in our civilization, I do not pretend to know a way of correcting or diverting them. Nor am I in any sense a preacher. My physical disabilities and isolation prevent me from being anything but a spectator. I see, and muse, and rarely utter myself ; knowing perfectly well that my views of many things, when I express them, are sure to be considered distempered. It is possible, I admit, that my conclusions may sometimes be colored by my distresses ; but what are they in influence, compared with the active man's prejudices, jealousies, and interests ? If the sick man be more or less a coward, and only able to utter feebly his half-truths, the well man

In no sense a preacher.

His conclusions.

Half-truths

is ambitious, aggressive, and very much a bully. With his two big fists, and his round veins filled with hot blood, he crushes his way, — as often in defiance of reason as in compliance with it. I here who sit in solitude, deploring, am as apt to be right, possibly, as the lusty partisan or bigot, with his battle-axe of violence. “Reason,” says Goethe, “is the property of an elect few.” Soundness, equanimity, and true courage, are its legitimate offspring. Few there be that are healthy, in the full sense, and fewer that are wise, and they only at times, under favorable conditions. As anger is madness, so is passion the opposite of reason. At one time, the passionate man is Herculean and inflexible; at another, he is powerless and plastic. Confucius said, “I have not seen a firm and unbending man.” Some one replied, “There is Sin Ch’ang.” “Ch’ang,” said the Master, “is under the influence of the passions; how can he be pronounced firm and unbending?” And this leads me to speak of one of the modern tendencies — in my mind when I began this paragraph. It is, to unman men, — to disindividualize them. Morals therefore, as a result, it seems to me, less and less, are based upon personal

*The lusty
partisan or
bigot.*

*Passion the
opposite of
reason.*

*One of the
modern ten-
dencies.*

responsibility. Man, in the old-fashioned view, was held a man, — responsible personally for his conduct. His ambition was to breast the current, and to avoid being turned about, as the twig, by every little eddy. If he made the voyage successfully, there was heroism in him. Character was so much effort, and resistance, and endurance. Manliness was held to be accretive and cumulative. Every trial was thought to give another resource, and every conquest to add new power. Each achievement gave increased confidence. Growth was obvious, and calculable, and applicable. To cut the cable, and launch away from conventional helps and restraints, was the common ambition. The individual felt fettered and shorn, if dependent. Before he consented to surrender himself and be subordinate, he must be tried by trusts, perils, and calamities. He aspired to stand an individual man, — responsible to all men for all the manhood that was in him. Now, the tendency is directly the other way, — to underestimate, if not totally to sink, the individual. The theory is rapidly becoming ascendant that the business of Government is to take care of the citizen. Man is transcended by the machine, and he is

The ambition of true manhood.

Manliness

The conventionalities.

Personal responsibility.

Societies of every sort.

Orders and organizations.

Individuality.

Not transferable.

disindividualized by societies of every sort. The state educates him ; his social set governs his conduct ; he admits his inability to take care of his earnings, and trusts the savings bank for extremities ; the insurance company provides for his family after his death ; — orders and organizations, ready-made, of every description, for everything, divine and human, to take charge of his soul, his body, and his estate, here and hereafter. Instead of boiling up individuals into the species, I would, with Jane Carlyle, draw a chalk circle round every individuality, and preach to it to keep within that, and preserve and cultivate its identity at the expense of ever so much lost gilt of other people's "isms." It seems to me as it did to Emerson, that the Deity dressed each soul which he sends into nature in certain virtues and powers not communicable to other men, and sending it to perform one more turn through the circle of beings, wrote "Not transferable," and "Good for this trip only," on these garments of the soul. In the war of civilization upon man, the growth of the individual is systematically discouraged. Soon he finds himself underestimating himself, in contrast with the omnipotence of organi-

zation and machinery ; then he surrenders, and begins living for the day, to be warmed by the sun, and to be cared for as an incompetent. His efforts cease to be continuous and persistent. They are not consciously continued from yesterday, to be extended throughout to-morrow and to-morrow, until his work is accomplished or scheme realized. "The height charms, the steps to it do not ; with the summit in view, we walk along the plain." Thoroughness is less and less in vogue. The world is filling up with Dick Tintos, who begin to paint without any notion of drawing. Sir Thomas Lawrence's drawings were so perfect that it seemed a sin to add any color to them. The same may be said of Lessing's. Dick was for a time patronized, as the story goes, by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the same principle that a spoilt child throws away its plaything. Misery took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging, where he had

*Warmed by
the sun.*

*Thorough-
ness less
and less in
vogue.*

*Patronized
for a time.*

*Misery took
him up.*

been dunned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief.

Another President inaugurated.

So another President has been peacefully inaugurated (with less than the usual measure of nonsense), after all the excitements and threats of a long period of partisan violence. I feel an impulse to expatiate about it all a little; but my eyes are a perpetual warning. I cannot help, however, quoting an extremely acute remark of Harriet Martineau's, in her *Society in America*, published as long ago as 1837: "Irish emigrants occasionally fight out the battle of the Boyne in the streets of Philadelphia, but native Americans bestow their apprehensions and their wrath upon things future, and their philosophy upon things past. While they do this, it will not be in the power of any President to harm them much or long."

An acute remark.

The dimensions of hell.

Some nice calculations as to the dimensions of hell are to be found in the old books, and are interesting. Ribera, a curious divine, calculated hell to be "a material and local fire in the centre of the earth, two hundred Italian miles in diam-

eter." But Lessius, another divine, "would have this local hell far less, one Dutch mile in diameter, all filled with fire and brimstone; because, as he demonstrated, that space, cubically multiplied, would make a sphere able to hold eight hundred thousand millions of damned bodies (allowing each body six cubic feet), which would abundantly suffice."

Eight hundred thousand millions of damned bodies.

What a thing is the human brain! Physiologists tell us that a fragment of the gray substance of it, not larger than the head of a small pin, contains parts of many thousands of commingled globes and fibres. Of ganglion globules alone, according to the estimate of Meynert, there cannot be less than six hundred millions in the convolutions of a human brain. They are indeed in such infinite numbers that possibly only a small portion of the globules provided are ever turned to account in even the most energetic brains. "What else than a natural and mighty palimpsest is the human brain?" exclaims De Quincey. "Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings, fall upon it as softly as light. Each succession seems to bury all that went before. And yet, in reality, not one

The human brain.

Six hundred millions of globules.

A mighty palimpsest.

Remarkable disclosures.

The human soul like a deep and sombre lake.

The brain a delicate machine.

is extinguished." Coleridge tells a story of a servant maid, who, in a fever, spoke Greek, Hebrew, and Latin ; Erasmus mentions an Italian who spoke German, though he had forgotten that language for twenty years ; there is also a case recorded of a butcher's boy who, when insane, recited passages from the *Phèdre* which he had heard only once. Every experience a man has, it is asserted, lies dormant within him ; the human soul is like a deep and sombre lake, of which light reveals only the surface ; beneath there lives a whole world of animals and plants, which a storm or an earthquake may suddenly bring to light before the astonished consciousness. A rush of a little alcoholized blood to the brain, the fumes of opium or hasheesh, may produce the most surprising results in the mental machine. A few drops of belladonna or of henbane give rise to fearful visions. A little pus accumulated in the brain, a lesion so slight that the microscope can scarce detect it, gives rise to mental disorganizations called delirium, insanity, monomania. Some years ago, for a change, I spent a few weeks at a country watering place. My condition, at the particular time I am to speak of, was peculiar, — so

strange indeed that I believed myself on the point of a dangerous fever. I had not consulted a physician, from a lack of confidence in the only one to be had nearer than the neighboring city. One night, as I lay in my bed, — the full moon pouring in its light with such splendor and strength as to make the smallest objects in the room visible, — I reflected in terror upon the risk of passing another hour without medical advice. My brain was so excited — the whole mental machinery was running at such a tremendous speed — that it seemed in the very act of flying to pieces. The thought of sleep in such a state was terrifying to me; to remain awake was more terrible still. I employed every mental device I could think of to quiet myself, at the same time I did everything possible to preserve consciousness. In spite of me, while contemplating with such composure as I could the full round moon pouring its flood of light over me, my eyelids closed, and I thought I was present early at a great meeting, assembling in Union Square to take into consideration the condition of the Republic, and to devise such means as might be thought best to aid her in her distressing extremity. The civil war was

*At the point
of a dangerous
fever.*

*The mental
machinery
running at a
tremendous
speed.*

*At a great
meeting in
Union
Square.*

Every interest in peril.

raging in all its fury. Whole divisions of troops had been cut up, and the tempests had scattered the fleets. All interests seemed to be in peril, and every citizen was soberly anxious. I had gone to the great meeting early, as I have said. The people were gathering rapidly. They came in carriages, in omnibuses, in horse-cars, on foot. Every vehicle appeared to be crowded, and to leave each one of its passengers. Soon the people filled the square, and then the broad pavements around the square, and then the broad streets around the broad pavements, and then the broad pavements on the opposite sides of the broad streets, and then the door-steps all round, and windows, and house-tops — a hundred thousand. I looked under each hat rim and into each hat, and saw every face of every man and woman. I recognized the faces of many familiar acquaintances and the faces of many that I only occasionally saw. The same brooding anxiety marked the multitude of visages. The vast assemblage was called to order by Mr. Elliot C. Cowdin, a well-known merchant. His little speech was neat and appropriate: I heard each word of it, and every intonation. A long list of vice-pres-

Gathering, gathering.

A hundred thousand.

Brooding anxiety.

A list of vice-presidents.

idents was then read—including more than a hundred well-known names—representing intelligently all interests and all professions of the metropolis. The names most conspicuous for intelligence, and honor, and wealth, were all there,—not one, it seemed to me, was omitted. I listened to each one attentively as it was read out. Now a conspicuous and honored name in Wall street was pronounced. Now the name of a flour merchant in South street. Now a name well known in importing circles. Now a familiar name in “the swamp,”—the leather region. Journalism was represented in a few famous names. The law, and medicine, and science, and architecture, and ship-building, and the pulpit, were all honorably represented. Of course there was a generous sprinkling of politicians and office-holders. I thought, with what prodigious care the list had been selected,—showing a minute acquaintance with every interest of the great town and its best representatives. Then followed a dozen or more resolutions, expressing the sense of the people in the Nation’s extremity. They were read with much intelligence by the secretary, in a rich full voice, and appeared to be dis-

A hundred well-known names.

Listened attentively to each one.

All interests represented.

The remarkable resolutions.

*Expressing
a thorough
knowledge of
the crisis.*

*Cut and pol-
ished.*

*Surpris-
ingly com-
pendious.*

*A distin-
guished ex-
senator.*

*His remark-
able power.*

tinctly heard by each one of the vast con-
course. Every word seemed to have been
considered and weighed, — expressing from
first to last a thorough knowledge and
comprehension of the situation, in all its
complication and gravity. I thought how
long the writer of the resolutions must
have carried them in his brain and in his
pocket, and how many enlightened persons
he must have consulted in the course of
their preparation. They were cut and pol-
ished with the skill of a lapidary. The
veins of thought were as conspicuously ap-
parent as the lines in a precious stone.
Their scope was broad, and their observa-
tion and purpose surprisingly compendious.
Patriotism, experience, and statesmanship
uttered themselves throughout. The re-
markable resolutions would have filled one
of the broad columns of The Tribune.
Then Daniel S. Dickinson was called on
for a speech. The distinguished ex-senator
was at his best. I had never before seen
his mind in such trim. He seemed able to
say what he thought, and to express all
shades and phases of meaning. There was
logic that went to the marrow of whatever
he touched, and sarcasm and wit that en-
forced it. His remarkable power as an im-

passioned orator never before had struck me as it did then. His speech was a long one, and more than senatorial in breadth and incisiveness. The old flag filled the heavens as Rodman Drake unfurled it there. The vast assemblage was electrified. Then Salmon P. Chase, the secretary of the treasury, was called out. Six feet in height, he appeared that day to be six feet six in his majestic proportions. He was indeed statuesque, as he stood for a time, in the midst of the vast human sea, seemingly un-

More than senatorial.

impassioned, without uttering a word. His great two-storied brain seemed teeming full of important things to be said. I had heard him speak many times, and had listened to him many an hour in conversation. Always circumspect in speech before an assembly, he appeared on this occasion to be unusually and excessively deliberate. His words, every one, had prodigious weight, as they fell, one after another, from his lips, in solemn cadence. The knowledge and experience of many years were close behind every sentence. The scholar, the jurist, the statesman, —

The secretary of the treasury.

His great two-storied brain.

Unusually deliberate.

all were embodied in the orator. His thought was as clear as the mountain air, his passion was incandescent. Once or

The scholar, the jurist.

The sagacious statesman.

The great audience dissolved.

The remarkable mental operation.

Sends for a physician.

A hopeful interrogation.

twice he unconsciously put back his head and gazed, — as I have seen a lion look off apparently thousands of miles into his native jungle, — the sagacious statesman seeming to see, through the smoke of battle and turn of events, the upshot of the mighty struggle. His speech, also, was a long one, — longer by half than any I had ever before heard him deliver. At the conclusion of it the great audience dissolved, and I opened my eyes. I had not changed position in the slightest. The moon was riding the sky through the top of the same pane exactly as when I had seen it last, — filling it full with its overflowing glory. The whole thing, in reality, would have occupied four or five hours, and, reported, would have filled many columns of the daily journal. It is not possible that I could have been unconscious for more than a minute or two. I got up in terror, shut down the windows, and sent off for a heroic physician. What wonder that I express amazement at the human soul, and lose myself trying to conceive the perpetual growth and expansion of the immortal substance, when relieved and emancipated from all earthly entanglements, limitations and miseries ?

My wife — But I have scrupulously refrained from gossiping about her in these hours of my idleness. She herself is too wise to keep any sort of personal record. As was said of the Duchess de Praslin's murder, "What could a poor fellow do with a wife who kept a journal but murder her?"

*A tribute to
his wife.*



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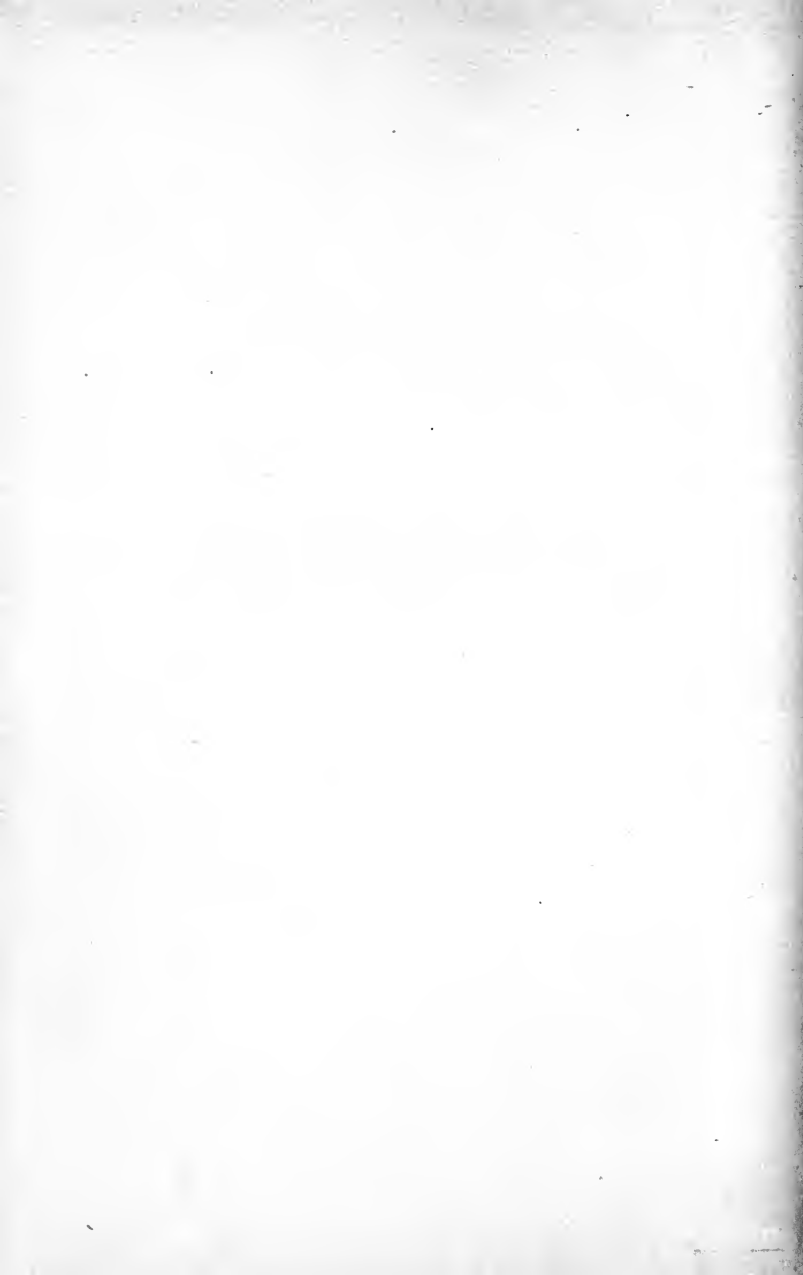
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